THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME. PERHAPS the most noticeable feature of the political situation this week has been the outburst of disaffection in the ranks of the Tory party. Led by the *Standard*, a considerable section of the Opposition Press has openly charged the Conservative leaders with a failure to discharge their duties with sufficient courage and energy; and these complaints, as everybody acquainted with the House of Commons knows, are but a faint echo of the murmurs of discontent heard within the ranks of the party. That Mr. Balfour and his colleagues on the front bench have made some very grave tactical blunders since the opening of the session is now apparent to everybody. Their assailants are perhaps unmindful of one grave difficulty which they have to overcome in leading their party. That is the existence of the Liberal Unionist wing under independent leadership. Mr. Chamberlain, though one of the best debaters, is probably the worst tactician in the House of Commons. But he occupies such a position as the head of an important section of the Opposition that Mr. Balfour is bound to pay attention to his wishes. Now it is known that some of the worst mistakes into which the Opposition has fallen have been committed at the instigation of Mr. Chamberlain. The Tories who jibe at Mr. Gladstone because the Liberal Party consists of two sections — British and Irish — ought at least to remember that their own party is similarly divided, and that the Birmingham section must at all costs be conciliated if the Conservative strength in divisions is to be maintained.

THERE is good reason to feel that this spirit of discontent and disappointment among the Opposition is largely the result of the absurd exultation which prevailed in the Tory ranks after the General Election. Because the majority was not so large as some Liberals had predicted, the Conservatives deluded themselves with the notion that they were really the victors in the struggle. Everybody remembers their loud vauntings as to their early return to power. Ministers, it was even said, would not venture to meet Parliament. This kind of nonsense permeated the ranks of the Opposition, and whilst it had a mischievous effect in the public offices—the permanent officials in many cases being impressed with the belief that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were no more than "caretakers" during the temporary absence of the legitimate administrators of the country—it filled Tory members with a ridiculously exaggerated idea of their own strength. They forgot that a majority, even if it were a majority of one only, would always be sufficient so long as it could be relied upon in a division. Mr. Gladstone has been able to unite all the sections of his party. The threatened splits have in no case happened; the Irish members in particular have shown themselves absolutely loyal to their allies; and even if the Opposition had been handled with ability by its leaders, it would have found itself powerless against the superior force of the Ministerialists.

THE really important feature of this incipient mutiny among the Tories is the fact that it has given Lord Randolph Churchill an opportunity of making a bid for the leadership of his party. He has lost no time in making that bid; and thus to the other embarrassments of the Opposition is added that of a dangerous rivalry on the front bench. We cannot pretend to be surprised at Lord Randolph's action. No man has ever been worse treated by his political colleagues than he; and it has simply been owing to his own forbearance that the party leaders have not long ago been compelled to take him back among themselves. The way is now open to him to make his own terms. That his robust political instinct, and firm grip of the realities of the questions of the day, give him a vast superiority to Mr. Balfour, so far as fitness for the leadership is concerned, will be generally admitted. With his party in power Mr. Balfour can lead easily, though it will be remembered that even last Session he made more than one deplorable blunder. But it is evident that the depressing influences which weigh upon the leadership of an Opposition are too much for him. He has neither the personal energy nor the natural interest in political affairs which go to make a fighting leader of an Opposition. Lord Randolph Churchill has both; and he has already succeeded in impressing this fact upon the new members of Parliament, despite his discouraging failure in his first speech this Session. It follows that we are about to witness an exceedingly interesting struggle for the mastery between two remarkable men.

MR. BALFOUR can hardly hope that he will regain the confidence of his party, or prove his superiority to Lord Randolph Churchill, by the kind of tactics he employed on Thursday night. We confess we find it difficult to speak in becoming words of the conduct of a large portion of the Opposition on that occasion. The deliberate waste of several hours over the dreary performance of Mr. T. W. Russell and

his little clique on the subject of the condition of Clare, was not, perhaps, a matter of much consequence, though it showed that Mr. Balfour has openly joined the ranks of the Obstructionists. But the disgraceful scene which took place later in the evening in Committee of Supply is a very different matter. It might have been supposed that an assembly of gentlemen would have shown some kind of forbearance to the new Chairman of Committees on the first occasion upon which he entered on his duties. So far from behaving in this spirit, Mr. Balfour and the other leading men of the Opposition joined in what Mr. Sexton truly designated as a combined attempt to embarrass and intimidate the Chair. The scene was one unprecedented in the history of the House of Commons, where hitherto a new official entering upon new and arduous duties has always been able to count upon the generous forbearance of all parties. Apparently, however, Mr. Balfour, no longer able to bully the Liberal party, eagerly seized the opportunity of bullying the Chairman of Committees before the latter had been able to acquire the ease and self-possession which time and custom alone can give to any man in that position. It was an exhibition which reflected upon the honour of the Tory party in general and of Mr. Balfour in particular.

THERE is one lesson to be learned by Mr. Mellor from the discreditable treatment to which he was subjected. It is one the Government itself will have to lay to heart as it gets along with its business. That is, that with an Opposition of the stamp of the present, the *fortiter in re* is a far more important matter to bring into evidence than the *suaviter in modo*. The sooner the warriors of the Opposition are impressed with the fact that neither the Government nor the Chair mean to stand any nonsense, the sooner will Mr. Mellor's seat become an easy one and the path of public business smooth. Mr. Mellor was taken at a disadvantage on Thursday night—a disadvantage, to say the truth, as cowardly as it was indecent—and the gentlemen who strove to browbeat him will, we are convinced, make a great mistake if they base calculations upon his future "form" from what happened on that occasion. There will be no necessity for Mr. Mellor to apologise the next time he accepts a motion for the closure; and we venture to recommend him to cast a kindlier eye on Mr. John Burns, or another, when offering those motions in the future. Mr. John Burns's short way with Mr. James Lowther may be a thought rough, but in certain circumstances it is the only way. In point of fact, however, these motions ought not to be left to Mr. John Burns or any other private member. The closure, as we have said more than once already, must become henceforth far more regularly established in the working procedure of the House; and it ought to be the settled thing for the Minister in charge of any Bill, motion, or vote in supply, after a certain amount of discussion has taken place, to move the closure himself. Practice will make perfect in this, and imperceptibly a precedent will be given, and a new custom grafted on the House which will immensely facilitate the despatch of business.

THE debate on Wednesday on Lord F. Hamilton's Irish Education Bill furnished an instructive instance of what the Ulster Tory Members mean by civil and religious liberty. Sir Samuel Ferguson's "loyal Orangeman from Portydown upon the Bann," in his declaration of political principles, laid it down clearly that his loyalty was conditional, and one of its chief conditions was that he should have

> "The crown of the causeway, in road or in street,
> And the Papishes put under my feet."

This old spirit, notwithstanding the advance which progress and toleration have made elsewhere in the world, still lingers in the breasts of the gentlemen who represent enlightened Ulster in the House of Commons. The unnamed object of their little Bill, as Lord Randolph Churchill pointed out, was to prevent the Christian Brothers' schools from receiving the aid which the Board of National Education in Ireland—a board representing every religious denomination and perhaps the most successful Education Board considering its difficulties in the Three Kingdoms—had resolved to give them. The Bill also provided for bringing the transactions of the Board under the review of Parliament. The whole thing was petty in the extreme; but what gave a genuine interest to the debate was the action of Lord Randolph Churchill.

IN a speech which Mr. Morley described as enlightened and statesmanlike, Lord Randolph declared himself "diametrically opposed" to the whole attitude of the Tory Front Bench in regard to these subjects, and he condemned especially their weakness and stupidity in allowing themselves to be influenced by the gentlemen from Ulster. This might be called a three-forked gleam of Lord Randolph's genius—a flash of his old contempt for what he used to call in 1885, when they annoyed him in office, a "knot of Orange reactionaries;" contempt for Mr. Balfour's utterly barren Irish policy, which consisted solely in obeying these Orange reactionaries' behests; and deep and abiding contempt for the ineptitude of the "old gang," who are now once again stranded on the Front Opposition Bench, and likely to remain there unless the founder of the Fourth Party once again comes to their rescue and floats them off. The speech was another illustration that Lord Randolph is the only man of leadership the stupid party has.

LORD SALISBURY and his party are organising demonstrations in Ulster and elsewhere against the Home Rule Bill; but they are organising them with the air of beaten men. The Home Rule Bill itself stands almost unscathed under the dropping fire of Tory criticism. Its faults are those upon which nearly all parties are agreed; and they are happily faults that can easily be amended in Committee. Its merits are being recognised, though very unwillingly, by its bitterest foes. They cannot repeat the process of seven years ago, and pull it to pieces before the eyes of the country. All that they seem able to do is to denounce it as a "preposterous," an "iniquitous," and an "infamous" Bill. They ought to remember that mere abuse of this sort is altogether futile; and that something more telling in the shape of criticism will be expected from them by their own followers, if they are to make any decent fight against the measure either on the Second Reading or in Committee.

APPARENTLY, however, they have come to the conclusion that the battle must be fought out of doors; and accordingly they are organising another of those stage demonstrations in Ulster which they employed just before the General Election. Now, everybody knows that the feeling of the majority of the people of Belfast and of certain other towns and districts in Ulster is bitterly hostile to the principle of Home Rule. Everybody knows also why this is. At the present moment it is the Ulster minority which by its alliance with England is able to impose its will upon the majority of the Irish people. The Ulster-man in opposing Home Rule is therefore simply fighting for his own special privileges, his unfair supremacy. Whatever his motives may be, however, his attitude is known and is freely admitted by the supporters of Home Rule. That being the case, it seems superfluous for Lord Salisbury to go to Ulster in order to bring about a mere demonstration against the Bill. If, on the other hand, his purpose is still more to embitter a contest which is already sufficiently bitter, and to

influence yet further the passions of a passionate race, he is taking upon himself a responsibility the gravity of which cannot be exaggerated, and is playing a part which few men who have ever held his position would care to take. We may laugh at the wild talk of the Orangemen about dying in defence of what they are pleased to call their liberties—that is, the liberty of coercing others; but it becomes a serious matter when language of this kind is backed and approved by a man who has been at the head of the Government of the United Kingdom.

FOR the moment the proposal regarding the payment of Members of Parliament seems to be languishing. Some of its promoters are becoming conscious of the fact that it is not one of those measures which can be safely rushed through the House of Commons, and that there are other interests to be considered besides those which would be most obviously affected by a scheme of this kind. We trust that the Liberal Party, if it should adopt the proposal, will show that it has sufficient faith in the opinion of the electors to make the payment one chargeable upon the rates in the different constituencies. But before this step is taken we should be glad to see the expenses of the returning officers at elections provided for by public funds. That would be a still more democratic step than the adoption of universal payment of Members of Parliament, and would materially facilitate the admission of poor men to Parliament; whilst it would raise no invidious distinctions between rich and poor.

THE Government Bill for granting the popular veto in the liquor traffic has not met with unreserved approval, even among Temperance reformers. But it has had a very different reception from the previous attempts of Ministries to deal with this vexed question. The fact that it recognises the principle of popular control has satisfied the Prohibitionists, though they complain of some of the limitations which the Bill imposes upon the exercise of that control, and are anxious that Sunday Closing should not be left to the popular vote. On the other hand, those who do not believe in the Veto as a practical remedy for existing evils, but who are anxious to see a general reform of the licensing system and a reduction of the number of public-houses to a fixed *maximum*, are prepared to accept Sir William Harcourt's Bill on the ground that it will undoubtedly clear the way for the measures which they advocate. Thus the Government, if they have not succeeded in solving the drink difficulty, have at all events united the Temperance reformers of all parties—perhaps a still more notable achievement.

IT was announced at the beginning of the week that the Parish Councils Bill was to be laid before the House on Thursday. This was a mistake; and we believe that the Bill itself has only been completed within the last few hours. We trust, however, that no time will be lost in making its provisions known to Parliament and the country. Next to Home Rule there is no measure to which the Government and their supporters are more deeply pledged, or the production of which is more anxiously awaited by the electors, than the Bill for reforming rural administration and giving the agricultural labourers the rights and privileges which their fellow-workmen in the towns have already secured. Every member for a rural constituency can bear testimony to this fact, and to the bitter disappointment which will be felt if there should be any unnecessary delay in presenting the Bill to Parliament. We trust that the first reading will be fixed for some day before the Easter recess.

TUESDAY'S debate on bimetallism was intelligible, nay even interesting; but it cannot be said to have done much good to the cause. Mr. Gladstone's great speech—remarkable even for him—practically settled the result at a comparatively early stage, and the more detailed and technical arguments contained in the excellent speeches of Mr. Beckett and Mr. Brodie Hoare were delivered to a handful of members during the dinner hour. What is really notable about the movement is not that distressed agriculturists and other sufferers should be ready to catch at a plausible remedy without much scrutiny, but that it has obtained such strong support among the younger professional economists like Professors Nicholson and Foxwell, and that Mr. Goschen has been almost driven over to their side by the spectre he himself raised some years ago. It is the appreciation of gold that is the real support of bimetallic theory; but no evidence was produced by any bimetallist on Tuesday to strengthen the weak points in their case. There is very likely not much more gold available in nature, but there is an enormous potential supply of silver, and, as Mr. Brodie Hoare urged, the rise in value contemplated by bimetallists is extremely likely to make that supply actual. But the bimetallists did not ask for bimetallism, but only for fresh deliberations at Brussels. There is no objection to that, but it does not rest with the British Government to invite the Conference to reassemble. The debate, of course, was marked by that persistent ignoring of all possible causes of the fall in prices besides the appreciation of gold, which is the peculiar mark of the currency enthusiast. Among its minor features was the first appearance of Mr. Naoroji as the representative of Indian Nationalism, and his emphatic repudiation of bimetallism as a cure for the difficulties of India.

THE mass of the colliers would seem to have shown greater wisdom than their leaders. The National Conference at Birmingham this week has had two propositions before it: one, recommended by the executive, that prices, and therefore the wages question, should be adjusted by a general cessation of work; and the other that only four days a week should be worked until further notice. Both propositions were rejected, and the matter referred back for farther consideration to the executive. The Conference did not represent all the miners, and apparently its decisions were due to the fact that the delegates could not agree on the length of a stoppage rather than to disinclination to stop at all. If so, we have a fresh illustration of the way in which conflicting interests in a democracy check each other for the public good.

ABROAD.

THOUGH the native population in France is almost stationary, it tends, as in other countries, to concentration in the large towns. Accordingly, a slight rearrangement of the constituencies will take place before the General Election. Carcassonne and Montauban will each lose one member; Paris gains two; and Rouen, Guéret, St. Denis, and Lille one each. Now, St. Denis has long been surprising the world by the fantastic doings of its free-thinking and Socialist Municipal Council; and as for Lille, has it not returned General Boulanger, and afterwards M. Paul Lafargue, the cosmopolitan son-in-law of Karl Marx?

IT seems pretty clear that the end of the Panama scandals is still a long way off. Whatever may be the exact truth as to the alleged revelations of the *Figaro* this week, there is little doubt that the positions of MM. Clémenceau, Floquet, and de Freycinet will be seriously compromised in the eyes of the electorate by their admitted connection with the negotiations between the Suez Canal Company and Baron Reinach. And the allegation that it was intended to suppress the depositions will hardly improve matters. These revelations are ascribed to

the usual source—M. Andrieux, the ex-Prefect of Police—and no doubt he has plenty more in stock.

EVERY week it is confidently prophesied that the Italian Ministry is going to pieces, and so far it still stands. On Friday week another motion was made in favour of a Parliamentary inquiry into the banking scandals. It was supported by Signor Crispi and the Marchese di Rudini, and rejected by 197 to 92. Three-fifths of the House were therefore absent. The inquiry instituted by the Ministry is meanwhile nearly complete, and special revelations are promised on the *portefeuille politique*—that is, as has been before explained in these columns, the bills held by the banks representing advances to deputies to be repaid in kind. But it is rumoured that the most prominent of these debtors have already arranged to meet their bills—perhaps with assistance from high places. Startling disclosures are expected when the officials now in custody are brought to trial, and disclosures of Government pressure no less startling are being made in the examination of the disputed elections petition.

THE Italo-Austrian incident we noticed last week has evoked a curious manifesto from the group of Dissentient Radicals who since last year have accepted the established foreign policy of Italy. They declare that the Triple Alliance is shortly to come to an end; Russian troops are to overrun the eastern provinces of the Austrian Empire; and the Emperor is to be relegated to the position of King of Bohemia or Grand Duke of Transylvania. Numerically the group is not very important, but there is every reason for a reaction of feeling in Italy against the Triple Alliance.

MUCH was expected—in accordance with the notable precedent of 1891—from the German Emperor's speech at the dinner on the occasion of the opening of the Diet of Brandenburg. But it contains nothing except some general promises to satisfy discontent, and a fresh proof that the Emperor is deeply conscious of his mission and resolved to maintain the traditions of the Prussian Monarchy and of his grandfather. It is noticeable that the speech contains no word of his father. That he should have said nothing specific is only an illustration of the uncertainty of the situation in Germany at present. The "agrarians" have again demanded bimetallism in the Reichstag, and have again been refused; and Herr Ahlwardt, the anti-Semite, has taken his seat. In a week or two, therefore, we may look for further developments. It is said, however, that a dissolution before Easter is not at all impossible, should anything go wrong with the military scheme.

"REFERENDOOM DE-AY" is now the burden of a popular song in Brussels. Last Sunday that city and its suburbs saw the implied aspiration realised. A popular vote, organised by voluntary effort, was taken on the various proposals for extension of the franchise which have been before the Revision Committees. Full lists of adult male citizens were obtained from the communal authorities, and invitations were sent to all, including even the King. In Brussels about 110,000 were issued. The Clericals and Moderates, however, counselled abstention (in some cases, it is said, emissaries from the former exchanged the voting cards for bread tickets), and ridiculed the whole proceeding—and it must be admitted that some Socialist orators did their best to second their efforts. One of the latter, for instance, promised to bring up the "dregs of the populace," and exulted in the fact that these dregs were as good as any other elements of society at the polling booth. However, the result surpassed the expectations of the promoters. Rather more than sixty thousand votes were polled, of which about fifty-six thousand—that is, an absolute majority of the voters summoned—supported one or other of the proposals which most nearly approach to manhood suffrage. Six-sevenths of these voted for M. Janson's scheme—that is, manhood suffrage at the age of twenty-one, excluding only illiterates and paupers.

THIS significant vote has not yet convinced the Ministry, though the promoters are doing their best to convince the King. Still, the Prime Minister's speech at the opening of the debate in the Chamber on constitutional revision, on Tuesday, was distinctly conciliatory as regards the advanced Liberals. No scheme can pass without a two-thirds majority. The Ministerialists are divided, the Opposition still more so. The only party which is really united is the advanced section of the latter, whose programme has just been ratified by the popular vote of Sunday. The Premier regrets—and we are inclined to agree with him—the rejection of the proposal to make voting compulsory, as well as those other and more dubious safeguards—the representation of classes and of minorities—in which Continental doctrinaires now put their trust as barriers against Socialism. These safeguards have gone the way of the "fancy franchises" in Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867, and it seems not improbable that they will be followed by some of the other features of the Ministerial scheme.

THE Norwegian Ministry is about to propose that separate consuls shall be appointed for Norway independently of any settlement that may hereafter be arrived at with Sweden respecting the general conduct of the foreign affairs of the two kingdoms. This proposal is in accordance with the constitutional principle formally affirmed in 1860, that Norway has the right of separate action in all matters not expressly reserved by the Act of Union with Sweden. There is little doubt that it will be carried in the Storthing. Meanwhile, the King and the Crown Prince are about to visit Christiania. Their stay should be fruitful in incident.

NEXT Sunday the General Election takes place in Spain, and, as is the custom in that country, the Ministry has made due arrangements beforehand both that its own majority shall be satisfactory in number and that a fair proportion of seats shall be left to the Opposition. The Conservatives for a time were not satisfied with their allotted quota, and talked of abstention *en masse;* but they have been induced to change their minds, and lists are actually published showing the proposed composition of the new Cortes. Where there is a real contest, however, it will generally be between the two main groups of the Conservative party. It is stated, too, that "Independent Catholic" candidates are coming forward under episcopal patronage. But the chief interest attaches to the prospects of the Republican candidates in the large towns. Meanwhile a split in the Ministry is reported over the reductions in the Army and Navy Estimates demanded by the Minister of Finance.

PROPORTIONAL Representation, as it is worked in Switzerland, is only fit for comic opera. Last week we noticed that the Radicals had won three of the five seats on the Executive Council of the Canton of Ticino. After four days' counting two of these were adjudged to the most moderate of the Radical candidates. Presumably these had been put forward as decoys for the moderate voter; for they forthwith resigned in favour of their unsuccessful and advanced

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

colleagues. Switzerland, at any rate, is doing the world a considerable service in exhibiting these experiments on a scale too minute to do much harm.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

THE Irish Literary Society held its inaugural meeting at Bloomsbury Hall on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Stopford Brooke delivered a most interesting and suggestive address. Mr. Brooke sketched out an ambitious programme for the Society which, if it even makes a fair approach to fulfilling it, will constitute a noble service not merely to Irish literature, but to the common literary future of these kingdoms. We hope to refer more fully to the subject next week.

LAST Wednesday the *Journal des Débats*, hitherto a twenty-centime paper, began to appear in two editions daily, at the price of ten centimes each. Not a single line of matter is common to the morning and evening issue. The former precisely resembles the old *Journal des Débats* in form, and very nearly in contents as well, but politics and finance preponderate. The evening edition—which is printed on pink paper, and appears just in time for the hour of absinthe on the boulevards—contains some politics and the latest telegrams, but is devoted almost entirely to literature and art—a novelty in daily journalism. A significant allusion to the Panama scandals is observable in the curious announcement that "no paid articles are received." Great stress is laid in the prospectus, also, on the entirely disinterested character of the financial news.

THE change is said to have been under discussion for two years. Its accomplishment has been hastened by the growing importance of the Left Centre, whose organ the journal has lately been, and whose doctrines it is designed to spread among a wider circle of readers. Founded in 1789 to publish the debates of the National Assembly, the *Débats* has had more brilliant contributors, and been of more sustained importance, than any of the numerous contemporaries which have from time to time equalled or exceeded its fame. Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Royer-Collard, Jules Janin, Laboulaye, John Lemoinne, Prevost-Paradol, Leroy-Beaulieu, Renan, such are a few of the names taken at random from its staff. More than any other French paper—perhaps alone among French papers—it has tried to catch the tendency of the best opinion of educated men of the world on current questions, in the manner imputed to the *Times* under Mr. Delane's editorship. Both the *Times* and the majority of educated men happen just now to be Unionist. But it would be a serious imputation on the intellect and culture of the country to say that either during the last decade had been in any way represented by the *Times*.

THE "promise of Spring" is already echoing round the publishing world, and some portentous lists now lie before us. Mr. Elliot Stock will issue at once "Dante's Pilgrim's Progress: with Notes by the Way," by Mrs. Russell Gurney, a volume of extracts from the Divine Comedy, illustrated by Mr. F. J. Shields. Mr. George Macdonald is editing his poems for Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Messrs. Longman announce the second volume of Bishop Wordsworth's "Annals," a Short History of Ireland by Dr. P. W. Joyce, and a volume of Cardinal Newman's "Meditations and Devotions." Mr. Walter Jerrold has written a short life of Mr. Gladstone, "England's Great Commoner," for S. W. Partridge & Co. Mr. F. S. Stevenson's "Historic Personality" will be published by the house of Macmillan. The poems of Mr. J. D. Hosken (whom we may almost claim to have "discovered," so long ago is it that we noticed his work) are to be edited by "Q" for Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Theodore Watts will introduce Borrow's "Lavengro" for Ward, Lock's "Minerva Library." Besides a new volume of "Studies and Stories" by Mrs. Molesworth, a selection from Jeremy Taylor's writings, edited by Mr. J. Dennis, will be issued by Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. Mr. David Nutt has also nearly ready an anthology, by Mr. R. M. Leonard, called "The Dog in British Poetry"; and he will publish for the Folk-Lore Society a volume of 345 variants of "Cinderella," with introduction by Mr. Lang. A treatise on "The Fall of Adam," by the Rev. Dr. Maguth, is in the hands of Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

BESIDES "The Well at the World's End," Master Printer William Morris is producing at the Kelmscott Press the "Chaucer" which has been edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis and illustrated by Mr. Burne Jones, and Caxton's "Godeffroy of Boloyne," which, it is rumoured, will be one of the very finest pieces of printing of recent years. Other works announced are a Life of Sir Morell Mackenzie, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis (W. H. Allen); an English edition of Émile Michel's Life of Rembrandt, with many reproductions, edited by Mr. F. Wedmore (Heinemann); a new book of Lyrics and Ballads by Mme. Darmesteter (Fisher Unwin); and the following among many others promised by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein: two more volumes on the Skeptics of the Renaissance, by the Rev. J. Owen; an "Old English Library," to begin with the Prose Treatise of Richard Rolle of Hampole; a Short History of Spanish Literature, by Mr. H. Butler Clarke; a Milton Concordance, by Dr. J. Bradshaw; a Military Cyclopædia, by Captain C. N. Watts; and "Philosophy and Political Economy in their Historical Relations" by Dr. Bonar. "Whispers" will be a monthly magazine of Surrey archæology, history, literature, etc.

THE part electricity plays in the various disturbances in our atmosphere is, no doubt, an important one, and it was on this account that the United States Government undertook the series of experiments during the years 1884–1888 to determine whether or no electrical indication could be used in weather prediction. One of the most energetic workers in this scheme was Professor Cleveland Abbé, and it was chiefly under his auspices that observers were trained and instruments tested and erected. In 1884 Mr. Mendenhall was appointed to direct the work at the physical laboratory and at the instrument division in Washington, while other stations were located at Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Ithaca, and Ohio. For four years a continuous record was obtained. At the end of this time the observations were discussed in a valuable report by Mr. Mendenhall, and in August, 1888, all observations were discontinued, since it was found that their study showed that they "gave little encouragement in that direction." The negative result given by these experiments has for the present put the question on one side, but we hope to see it attacked again, even if it has not for its end the mere utilitarian object of weather forecasting.

OBITUARY.

PROFESSOR MINTO had succeeded Professor Bain in the Chair of Logic at Aberdeen, but his fame really rests on his achievements in literature and journalism. He had been editor of the *Examiner*, the once famous but long since defunct organ of advanced Liberalism, and had been on the regular staffs of the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He was also a frequent and valued contributor to the columns of THE SPEAKER. He had written able and amusing novels and made valuable additions to the history of English literature. He was universally popular alike with his students and among a large circle

of private friends, on whom his death has come with painful suddenness. Sir Andrew Walker had been a munificent benefactor to his native town. The Walker Art Gallery and the engineering laboratories at the University College are his perennial monuments. Sir Charles Clifford was the first Speaker of the New Zealand Lower House. The Rev. J. S. Wood, D.D., had been President of St. John's College, Cambridge. Mr. Frederick Baines, as one of the proprietors of the *Leeds Mercury*, held a distinguished place in the journalistic world as well as in the public life of Leeds; whilst his personal character had a charm that drew to him the esteem and admiration of a great community. Mr. Robert Wilson was also a well-known and esteemed journalist and author, who had latterly been connected with the *Daily Chronicle*. Sir Benjamin Ball was a Gallicised Englishman, a professor at the Paris Medical School, and a high authority on mental diseases. Dr. James Anderson was a physician of great distinction and even greater scientific promise. Mr. Allan Manvel was an American railway president who had done service as the restorer of the fortunes of the "St. Paul" and "Atchison" companies. The latter process he has not lived to see completed. Mrs. Henry Austin was the last surviving sister of Charles Dickens. Senhor Pinto Coelho was leader of the Legitimists (Miguelists) of Portugal. General Tommasi-Crudeli (who had risen from the ranks) was an able and distinguished officer of Italian Infantry. M. Henry Warnots (Professor at the Brussels Conservatoire) and Frau Alvsleben had won fame on the operatic stage. King George of Tonga is believed to have been the oldest of reigning monarchs.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE OPPOSITION.

THE Opposition have been showing some signs during the last day or two of a partial recovery from the state of collapse into which they fell last week. Still their manifest depression and the sharp reproaches which some of their most important organs in the press have addressed to their leaders are signs of the times not to be ignored. It must be confessed that it is not often that the country has witnessed so curious a revulsion of feeling as that which has taken place since the Session began, with regard to the two political parties. Before Parliament met the Members of the Opposition were in the highest spirits; their impression appeared to be that they were the masters of the situation, and that it rested with themselves alone to say when the present Ministry should cease to exist. Nor can it be denied that their loud vauntings had a dispiriting effect upon some of the more timorous supporters of the Government. The latter feared that Mr. Gladstone's majority might after all melt away under the fierce heat of Parliamentary conflict, whilst their opponents boasted loudly that the honours of the situation belonged to them. All is now changed. After more than four weeks of fierce struggle in the House of Commons the Ministry, by the admission of their opponents, occupies a far stronger position than it did when the battle began. Nor is this all. The Opposition, defeated and despondent, have for the moment fallen to pieces, and those bitter recriminations and reproaches which are never heard save under the stress of grave misfortune are being freely hurled about within the Tory-Unionist camp. It seems to us that there is as much of exaggeration in the present depression of the Opposition as there was in their preceding elation. Indeed, the one is directly the offspring of the other. The Tory and Liberal Unionist members would not now be in this state of extreme discomfiture if they had not allowed themselves to be beguiled into a fool's paradise during the Recess. The truth is that they have been misled all along as to the realities of the political situation. Their victory in 1886 turned their heads. Intoxicated by the triumph of a coalition over the Liberal party, they seem to have believed that the triumph was destined to be permanent. No doubt they were in part misled by the enthusiasm with which Society so-called greeted their victory, and by the strong backing which they had in the metropolitan press. Yet it is difficult to understand how, during seven long years, they should have laboured under the delusion that nothing could happen to remove them from the position of advantage which they secured, by something like an accident, at the General Election of 1886. If only they had learned the lessons which history teaches, if only they could have turned a deaf ear to their foolish flatterers in Society and their blind guides in the press, they would have realised the fact that times still go by turns "from better hap to worse," and that even the great Unionist party must in the course of nature expect to meet with reverses.

All this has been patent to those of us who did not share in the intoxication of the triumphant coalition in the last Parliament, and in these pages we have again and again endeavoured to bring home some inkling of the truth to our opponents. Of course we have failed to do so. When the General Election of last year took place, and when the Conservative Ministers, after a struggle fought with an energy and determination probably never before equalled in our political history, were defeated, the Tory party at large seemed absolutely unable to realise the truth. They could not bring themselves to believe that there had been a great reversal of the verdict pronounced six years before. Some hocus-pocus had been at work, and a sham and temporary triumph had been achieved by their hated opponents, but the victory was really in their hands and a few months would make the fact clear to the world at large. Mr. Gladstone's Government was doomed to die—not as other Ministries have died, after years of life, but prematurely and dishonourably in a few months at the utmost. This has been the foolish and unreasoning frame of mind of the Tory party from last July to the end of January. Four weeks of struggle in Parliament have sufficed to open their eyes to the truth. They now find themselves confronted by a Ministry which, so far as its individual composition is concerned, is as strong as any that has sat in recent times upon the Treasury Bench—a Ministry which not only knows its own mind but which has the courage of its opinions. Nor is this all. The promised dissensions which were to convert the Ministerial majority into a minority at the first touch of actual warfare have not taken place, and the Liberal party in the House of Commons shows itself to be a compact and resolute majority, intent upon achieving the great purpose for which it was returned to Parliament. The bye-elections, too, have shown that Mr. Gladstone is stronger to-day in the country than he was so recently as last midsummer. It is in these circumstances that the Tory newspapers have very unfairly turned upon their leaders, and that cries of impatience are being raised by the rank and file of the party.

We have no reason to object to the way in which Lord Randolph Churchill has suddenly been taken back to the favour of his political associates. He is a man of very considerable capacity, and in some of the qualities of leadership he has no rival on his own side. But it seems a little hard upon Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, and the other Tory leaders—to say nothing of Mr. Chamberlain—that the new idol should be worshipped with so much enthusiasm by those who a few weeks ago were bringing their offerings to the

shrines of the legitimate gods. Lord Randolph Churchill, however, will find himself just as powerless as Mr. Balfour is against the Liberal party in the present House of Commons. Ministers may suffer in the end from their very courage and their resolute determination to fulfil the pledges they have given to the country; but after all, a Parliamentary majority of forty-four is a stubborn and substantial fact, and against it the rhetoric of the Member for Paddington will avail no more than did the sarcasm of the Member for Manchester. The business of the Tories is first to recognise the fact that public opinion has condemned them and is now distinctly adverse to their policy, and next, if they can, to convert the constituencies once more to their side. If they do this they may look forward with confidence to the next General Election; but in the meantime if they are wise they will neither indulge in silly recriminations amongst themselves, nor in that kind of fractious opposition to the measures of those who are in power which seems at present to find favour with them. Let them conquer their pride sufficiently to take a lesson from their opponents. No greater defeat ever befell a political party than that which the Liberals suffered in 1886; but instead of turning upon each other with this talk of treason and incompetence, and instead of trying by unfair means to hinder the course of legislation in the House of Commons, they set themselves seriously to the work of reorganising their party in the country and of bringing back those who had fallen away from the fold. They had their reward last July, and their triumph after an unexampled period of defeat and depression ought to teach a lesson even to the dullest of their opponents. At all events, common self-respect should lead the Opposition to refrain from that kind of rebellion against Fate which is a sure indication on the part of those who show it that they have not only lost the battle but lost their courage also.

THE LOCAL OPTION BILL.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Bill is a good one—so far as it goes. Perhaps the best feature in it is the fact that it has proved satisfactory to the United Kingdom Alliance and its friends. These gentlemen have at last got what they wanted, and we can congratulate them freely upon the triumphant close of a prolonged agitation. If this Bill should pass, as we trust it will, any parish in England can, if it pleases, after a certain interval, banish the ordinary drink-traffic from within its boundaries. Two-thirds of the electors voting on the question can absolutely prohibit the continuance of that traffic in their midst. Thus Local Option will at last be established, and the Prohibitionists will get the weapon which they have long declared to be the only one likely to prove effective against our national curse. They will not, it is true, be able to apply that weapon to every form of the liquor traffic. Railway refreshment-rooms, hotels, and eating-houses are all excepted from the operation of the Bill, and the exception is undoubtedly a large one. But the mere drink-shops, the gin-palaces, the dram-shops, the beer-houses, where most of the drinking now goes on, may be closed in any parish or borough if the necessary majority of voters can be obtained. The Permissive Bill people do well, therefore, to be satisfied with the Government measure. But those of us who have no faith in the efficacy of Local Option as a remedy for existing evils cannot pretend to consider this measure as adequate or sufficient. By all means let Local Option be tried; but many of us will be greatly surprised if the trial results in the success anticipated by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends. Something more must be done to satisfy the demands of temperance reformers. This fact is acknowledged by Sir William Harcourt himself, and he holds out the hope that on some future occasion a measure will be brought forward for reforming the licensing system. We should have been better pleased if the measure had been incorporated with the present one; but probably reasons connected with the strategy of party-warfare prevented this. So, for the present, the existing licensing system, with its innumerable evils, will remain as it was, subject only to the possibility of the veto being applied under the new Bill.

On the question of Sunday closing the measure seems to be wholly satisfactory. If mere limitation of hours is to be aimed at, we do not know that the Legislature can go much further in that direction than it has done already. But it is not the limitation of hours which reformers demand; it is the entire suppression of the Sunday trade. Here the application of Local Option seems to be eminently wise and practicable. A bare majority of the electors voting will be able, under the Bill, to put a stop to the gin-palace and beer-house trade on Sundays in their own locality. No sensible person who wishes to see the existing evils removed will object to this power being placed in the hands of the majority. The more advanced section of reformers desired to see Sunday closing enacted for the whole of England. Happily, they have been led so far to recognise the hard facts of the case as to withdraw their demand on this point, and to accept Sir William Harcourt's proposal. The notion that London or Liverpool could be treated in this matter like any village in Dorsetshire or Norfolk is not one to be seriously entertained by politicians. It is not a small thing, however, that the Government should have brought forward a measure which will enable any locality, if it likes, to put an end to that which is too frequently a public nuisance maintained for the benefit of a single individual.

A word must be said as to the general position of the question now that this Bill has been introduced. It does not meet the views of those temperance reformers who are not mere Prohibitionists. We have ourselves sketched in these pages a scheme of licensing reform which we believe would be both more effectual and more completely in harmony with public opinion than the present Bill. But we trust that those reformers who are not mere Prohibitionists will co-operate heartily with the United Kingdom Alliance and its friends in supporting this measure. It may do a great deal of good; and at any rate, from the temperance point of view, it cannot do any harm. It will have plenty of enemies. Not only will teetotal Unionists, like Mr. Tritton and Mr. T. W. Russell, find some excuse for opposing it as strenuously as though it were a Bill for establishing free-trade in drink, but it will have to face the bitter opposition of the great and enormously powerful interest which it assails. In these circumstances, its one chance of success lies in the warm support of temperance reformers of every shade of opinion. The appeals which in other days we have addressed more particularly to the Prohibitionists for united action against the national foe, we must now in turn address to those who have not regarded Prohibition as the be-all and end-all of reform. We trust that the supporters of the Manchester and Church of England Temperance schemes will take Sir William Harcourt's Bill as a step in the right direction, and join hands with the United Kingdom Alliance in endeavouring to obtain for it a favourable reception both in Parliament

and in the country. If they should take this course, they will have a right to demand reciprocity of action from the Prohibitionists hereafter. Nor do we think that this demand will be rejected. The members of the Alliance having obtained the concession for which they have agitated so persistently, will not refuse to assist less advanced reformers in procuring that reform of the licensing system as a whole which moderate men of all parties have so long called for. Hitherto the chief obstacle to reform has been the divisions in the ranks of the Temperance party. With the grant of Local Option, those divisions ought to cease to exist; and thus, by the irony of fate, the adoption by Parliament of the popular veto may prove the stepping-stone to the attainment of those more moderate but, as we believe, infinitely more effectual reforms for which the country has hitherto asked in vain.

POLITICS MADE PROFITABLE.

WHILE the Orangemen are ranting, and talking of subscribing (or begging others to subscribe) the money necessary to buy second-hand rifles, which they would not know how to use, the quiet Unionist business men of Belfast and Dublin have seized the opportunity to make very considerable profits on the Stock Exchange. This is interesting and characteristic. The great army of Ulster turns out after all to be (on its only practical side) a successful financial speculation. We congratulate the Irish Unionist speculators on their successful bear raid. Onlookers, they say, see most of the game. The average practical politician does not find politics a profitable business. But the Belfast man, with true commercial instinct, can make money out of anything. His latest source of profit is the success of the Government and the collapse of the Unionist opposition.

This is the whole moral of the recent "disastrous fall in Irish stocks." When we come to analyse the figures we do not find that the fall was, after all, so very enormous. Guinness ordinary, indeed, fell from 343½ to 310, or 27½ after allowing for the dividend. On the face of it no more absurd fall can be imagined. An Irish Parliament almost entirely dependent on the excise duties is not likely to prohibit the manufacture of porter, while the great brewery company, owing to their generous treatment of their workmen, are more popular with the labouring classes than any other firm in Ireland. The fact is, we believe, that a large and not very strong bull account was open in the stock, and it had been rumoured in Dublin, on what professed to be inside authority, that the price would be lifted to 400. A very little shaking was enough to make these weak bulls rush to sell, and hence the sudden collapse. At the worst the price did not fall so low as during 1890 and 1891, and it has already recovered to a price almost equivalent to that before the fall. Bank of Ireland stock, for different reasons, is not quite an average security. A large part of its profits and position is due to the fact that it has a monopoly of Irish Government business. The odds are that the new Irish Executive would make no change in this practice; but one cannot deny that there is a possibility of change. And the Bank, under a clause in the lease under which it holds the old Parliament House, might have to find itself new central premises when the Home Rule Bill passes. Yet Bank of Ireland stock still stands at 300, or 27 above the lowest price of 1887 and 20 above the lowest price of 1889, though in those years the country had the advantage of Mr. Balfour's resolute government, and the prosperity of the Irish banking establishments was advertised on every platform in the United Kingdom. The present price is higher than the lowest price of Bank of England stock during each of the years 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, and 1887.

In the ordinary securities the fall has been much smaller, and does not in any case exceed ten points. The stock of two exclusively northern railways, the Northern Counties and Belfast and County Down, has hardly fallen at all. Great Northern Railway stock (which was the special counter chosen by the bears) fell over nine, but has since recovered three, points. The preference and debenture stocks of almost all the Irish railways are practically stationary. Belfast and Dublin Corporation stocks both sell at a price which gives only about the same yield as the gold stock of the Government of India. So that though the bears have made very considerable profits, which they have taken quickly, it cannot be said that there is any very general panic among the holders of Irish securities.

Prices of Irish stocks and shares had during the previous six months been rising, when the tendency in England was rather the other way. The time had come, according to the rules which make stockbrokers rich, for a swing of the pendulum. Certain astute gentlemen saw this. They sold largely. The old women of both sexes took fright and sold at lower prices. The astute gentlemen took their profits. Doubtless they are now making their plans for another profitable little panic while the Home Rule Bill is down for second reading. We should not be surprised to receive circulars from syndicate touts, offering us a share in the spoil from the next fall in Irish prices.

This is a very old story. Timid people have lost their heads and thrown away their money on the occasion of every great political change. There was a panic in British stocks at the time of the Reform Bill. There was another on the repeal of the Corn Laws. Investors are the most fearsome folk in the world; but, happily, they generally soon recover their senses. And possibly the Unionists of the Stock Exchange may try the little game of panic once too often. There is one unkind thought, by the way, in this alarm. Have our Unionist friends so little confidence in the House of Lords?

WHAT WILL M. FERRY DO?

M. FERRY has been recalled from limbo in the hope that he will "do something." The hope is vague, but still it is the motive which explains this most notable, and possibly most pregnant, of the recent surprises of French politics. In presence of the succession of feeble and besmirched Ministries, from which the Republic has just been suffering; in presence of M. Carnot continuing merely a dumb and ineffectual shade (and some have not hesitated now to add a questionable shade) at the Élysée; in presence of even the honest M. Ribot losing something of his colour through fathering a Ministry which has acquiesced in the whitewashing of M. Rouvier; in presence of these and other matters the Senate have come to share in the general feeling of the need of a "strong man" somewhere about the Republican premises. For want of a better they have resuscitated the Man of Tonquin—a fact which is at the same time a high compliment to M. Ferry and a vivid reminder of the dearth of powerful individualities amongst French statesmen of the present era. But what is the "something" M. Ferry is going to do in his new position? A "strong man" cannot be merely a figure-head; and

that M. Ferry himself does not mean to be merely a figure-head is abundantly clear. In his speech on taking the chair—a speech conceived in the spirit of an Athenian citizen returning from a spell of banishment—he took care to convey that he understood the object with which he was recalled, and that he intended to fulfil it. The Senate, under his influence, he said, would not allow itself to be effaced. He is now, for the moment, one of the most powerful men in France, if not the most powerful. But yesterday one of the damned, the ostracised, as impotent and unconsidered as if he were wandering to kill time in a land of exile, to-day the baskets in his hall cannot hold the visiting-cards of those who are paying him court. France has certainly a very complete and, as M. Ferry hinted, a somewhat antique way of effecting these transformations in the fortunes of her statesmen. Whether he likes it or not, much is expected from M. Ferry in this new position, which is supposed to place such an amount of "occult" influence in his hands that he will be practically held responsible for the conduct of the Opportunist Ministries from now until the General Election.

M. Ferry showed in his speech that he has the conception of a large and conciliatory policy for the future of Republican parties. He indicated a distinct approval of the welcome which the Moderate Republicans have been extending of late to the recruits which the Republic has been receiving from the Right. This is no new policy with M. Ferry, as those who have watched his career in adversity know. He has made more than one advance towards his old enemies in recent years. He delivered a speech on the Education question in 1888 suggesting a compromise with the Clericals, which, coming from him and in the circumstances of that day, was, to say the least, bold. The Right considered it cool, and treated it with scorn. It is not so certain that they would receive M. Ferry's advances in a similar spirit now. Leo XIII. has bestowed his blessing on the Republic. The extreme Clericals and Monarchists have bestowed their curse upon the Count de Mun for acting on the Papal advice. The old "persecutor" of the Church, who declares he has learned in adversity the lesson of mutual toleration and esteem, and the apostle of Catholic Socialism, whose master, in adversity, appears to have learned a similar wisdom, may be nearer each other than one might suppose. This, however, is a policy, and these are speculations for after to-morrow. The Republic has yet to get over an ugly bit of ground with a dangerous jump at the end, and the immediate question is—How is M. Ferry going to help it through the ordeal?

The real test of M. Ferry's possibilities will be the fateful, the Minister-killing crux of Panama. It would be a great mistake to suppose that because there has been a lull in Panama excitement for a week or two that question has played itself out. It has done no such thing. It is possible, indeed, that the most "startling" revelations are yet to come. The trial of the deputies at the Assize Court is to begin on March 8th, when M. Charles de Lesseps and his fellow-directors speak of taking revenge for their heavy sentences on the "brigands" who put the knife to the throat of their enterprise. M. Andrieux, who has a talent for husbanding his sensational effects, announces that he is keeping the most fatal disclosures of all for the General Election, and M. Andrieux, though one may not admire his method of exploiting his information in the interests of justice, has shown up to now that his information is not without a basis. Apart from all this, and if there were never to be another fresh disclosure, the effect of what has happened already remains deep in the public mind of France. France has been wounded where she is most sensitive. Her pride has been humbled before the nations, and the men who have so afflicted her remain still unscathed under the shelter of the Government of the Republic. If France remains quiescent for the moment it is partly with the wish of giving the honest men of the Republic a chance of showing what they mean to do, and partly because the time is not long now until the whole matter must be brought to the reckoning of the General Election. The question of sharpest interest concerning M. Ferry is, What is he going to do about Panama? And that question may be brought to a point in a single illustration—to wit, the case of M. Rouvier. Will M. Ferry use his occult influence as President of the Senate to get M. Rouvier made an example of, or will he not? Will he sanction the idea of the "Grand Français," in his old age, stripped of his glories like a disgraced soldier, and condemned to a felon's sentence, while M. Rouvier, who confessed in the Tribune, with a shameless insolence, to having been the confederate of Reinach, and to having fingered his gold, is taken under the wing of the Government? This is the question to which the French, who are both a sentimental and logical people, will most insist on having an answer. It is the Opportunist Republicans who have resuscitated M. Ferry. It is the Opportunist Republicans who have been hardest hit by Panama. It is the Opportunist Republicans who are anxious to shelter M. Rouvier and the other suspected but once powerful personages of their party. Is M. Ferry's *rôle* concerning Panama to be that of high-handed champion of the Opportunist Republican policy as it has so far been developed on the matter? If so his elevation may prove to be an event of doubtful advantage, both to himself and to the Republic. If his "Strongmanism" is intended to consist in bullying people into accepting the whitewashings, the evasions, and the hugger-mugger to which Opportunist Governments up to this have shown themselves but too inclined, his appointment may well end by leaving the situation worse than he found it. M. Ferry's popularity is a plant without roots. It is only a few days since he was the best-hated man in France. A breath can make him again the most unpopular, as a breath has made. He is in no stronger position to-day than he was in 1877, when he was on the point of being elected President of the Republic. The people then threatened to come down into the streets, if his election were sanctioned. It will take less in the coming Presidential crisis to put people into a similar temper. All that has been happening so far in France has unfortunately been making against the idea of the Parliamentary Republic, that "complex organism" in whose behalf M. Ferry was so eloquent on Monday. The demand for something simpler as an interpretation of the old ideal of the "sovereignty of the people," a demand which has ever been the bane of French constitution-makers, has grown stronger of late than it was even in the days of General Boulanger. M. Ferry will have to count with this demand for Revision, as well as with the sentiment about Panama. He will have to face the attacks of the terrible M. Rochfort, who has already brought down that strong man, M. Constans, the "voleurs" of Opportunism, and even, once upon a time, the Tonkinois himself. He will have to walk skilfully as well as boldly if he is to come safe through the path that is before him, and to help the Parliamentary Republic over the stile without hurt. In the meantime, well-wishers of France will watch his course with both misgiving and hope.

FINANCE.

THE currency crisis in the United States is deepening, and is spreading apprehension in every department of business at home and abroad. The breakdown of the coal combination, no doubt, would have taken place sooner or later under any circumstances, but it has been precipitated by the distrust that prevails; and that breakdown, with the losses it has caused, and the disclosures respecting the Northern Pacific management, have intensified the distrust. The old Congress ceases to exist at noon to-day, and, in spite of the crisis, has refused to adopt any remedial measures. The new Congress also, it is feared, contains a silver majority. If that majority is obstinate, the Silver Purchase Act will remain upon the Statute Book. In that case it is almost inevitable that gold should disappear from circulation, and nobody knows what may happen then. Under these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the banks in the interior, which usually keep immense sums on deposit in New York, are withdrawing their deposits, and so are causing stringency in New York. Luckily, British investors have been selling American railroad securities almost continuously for the last two and a half years, and therefore the amount of those securities held in this country now is smaller than usual. Still, our interest in the United States is immense. Necessarily there is much disquiet in the City. American railroad securities continue to fall, and the depression is extending to other departments. Home railway stocks, for example, have nearly all declined. True, the traffic returns are disappointing, and there is some uneasiness caused by the railway rates agitation. But the main reason of the decline is the general uneasiness. To some extent likewise the fall in Irish stocks, of which so much is made by the opponents of Home Rule, is traceable to the same cause. Of course, some of those who honestly believe that Home Rule will be injurious may have sold, and naturally speculators have taken advantage of the agitation in Ulster and the threats that are uttered by English Unionists of influence. But, over and above all, is the general impression that the currency crisis in the United States must lead to lower prices in every direction. The crisis, however, has not yet been felt so much upon the Continent as in London. Negotiations have been actively pushed on for a loan to Greece, and there has been a very marked rise during the past fortnight in Greek bonds. The new Austrian gold loan, too, has been a great success; and in Paris it is believed that France is powerful enough and wealthy enough to look with unconcern upon whatever may happen in the United States. There are about 160 millions sterling of legal tender five-franc pieces in the Latin Union. The Bank of France alone holds nearly a third of the amount, and a very large amount further is in circulation in France. But the French Government and French bankers still hope to be able to keep up the purchasing power of those pieces whatever may happen in the United States.

The silver market continues wonderfully steady, considering all the circumstances. The hope is growing that the United States Congress will refuse to repeal the Silver Purchase Act, that in consequence gold will disappear from the American circulation, and that practically silver will become the standard of value in the United States. If that happens, it is argued that the value of silver must rise very considerably. For the moment, too, there is a very good demand for India for the metal. The exports of produce from India are very large, and the demand for accommodation from bankers is active. That will continue for a month or two yet, and, if the crisis in the United States does not deepen, the price of the metal may be maintained so long. But all concerned in the market would do well to remember that everything depends upon the course of events in the United States. Up to Wednesday evening there was a very active demand in the market here for short loans, but the demand is likely to fall off now, and already the discount rate has decidedly given way. It will go lower if matters do not become worse in the United States. But if there is a serious crisis in New York, our Money Market must inevitably be affected. As long as gold continues to be exported from the United States as at present, rates here must decline; but if there is a crisis, the Government may borrow gold, and the great financial houses in New York will, of course, try to get all the accommodation they can. It is possible, therefore, not only that the gold withdrawals may cease, but that gold may be imported from Europe into New York. In any event, serious troubles in the United States would lead to so many failures, and would so greatly deepen distrust, that alarm would arise here lest the large quantity of American bills discounted in this market might not be met when they became due. In spite, then, of the fact that rates are declining, there is a good deal of uneasiness, which may become acute at any moment.

RUSSIAN PRECAUTION.

NOT many days ago a distinguished engineer was commanded to appear before the Czar, in order to exhibit a model of a projected bridge across the Volga. The gentleman thus summoned enjoyed a consideration in the eyes of his fellow-craftsmen, such as Helmholtz enjoys in Berlin, or Edison in New York, and it was presumed by his friends that the honour of appearing before his dread sovereign was owing quite as much to his scientific reputation as to any latent curiosity that might be entertained by Alexander III. for applied mechanics. The engineer had his audience, and this is the report he made of it to a personal friend.

"My model was so large that I required two assistants from my office to put it together, and when I arrived at the ante-chamber of the Emperor's apartments I was not a little surprised that these gentlemen were both of them subjected to the most rigorous examination of their person, presumably with the object of discovering some concealed weapon or perhaps a cake of nitro-glycerine. In fact, the examination reminded me of that to which Chinese emigrants used to be subjected on arriving at San Francisco from Hong Kong, when opium smuggling was so profitable that many a Chinese firm grew rich on the profits derived from braiding this soothing narcotic into the Celestial 'pigtails.'

"My companions, who were loyal Russians and gentlemen, were naturally as indignant as I was at this treatment, although my own person was, on this occasion, spared; but this was a distinction which I could not well appreciate, for they might as well have suspected me as two gentlemen whom I had selected to go with me on an errand of this kind.

"When the searching was completed, a door was unlocked, and we passed into an empty apartment, then into a second, and finally into a third, where our audience was to take place. Each door was carefully locked behind us before proceeding to the next, so that when we stood in the third apartment, our retreat was barred by three locked doors.

"Our model was quickly put together in the audience room, and we waited as in a sepulchral vault for the sound that should indicate the coming of our master. The silence was painful to us, for it was accompanied by so many suggestions of mystery. At last the faint sound of a key turning in the lock was heard, then some steps, then again a turning key, then more steps. This was repeated until three doors had been unlocked and then locked again, in the direction opposite to that from which we had come; and, finally, the Czar entered the room in which we were, and looked at this triumph of mechanical ingenuity as a South Sea Islander might gaze upon a dynamo.

"The audience was brief, the comments next to nothing; we bowed low, and once more the keys creaked in the locks as three successive doors were opened and closed securely to protect the retiring movement of this man who holds in his hands the lives of a hundred millions of human beings. As we retired the same number of doors were opened with the same precautions in regard to locking and unlocking; and even the air of St. Petersburg seemed that of freedom as compared with what we had breathed within the palace walls of Gatschina."

On the occasion of the Czar's last visit to Copenhagen, he was driving through the streets at a time when no one anticipated his presence, in company with his royal host. By reason of some momentary congestion of traffic, the royal carriage came to a standstill, and an English clergyman, who happened to be on the side-walk at this moment, described the following scene to me.

"When the carriage stopped, the Czar's face assumed the expression of a frightened man, he clutched the side of the carriage and sought to push himself as far as possible back into his seat, as though seeking to shelter himself from attack. I was struck by this man's frightened appearance and shrinking attitude before I knew that it was the Russian Czar—in fact, I was there quite by accident, with no idea that he might pass that way. I have seen many cases of desperate fright in men and women, but never one so piteous as that of this Emperor."

THE SPEAKER is on the black list of the censor in the Czar's dominions, and it is not likely that either of these facts will penetrate to the quarters where they might do good. The Czar's confessor with the unspellable name, who is responsible for the persecution now going on in the Protestant communities, would no doubt justify his master's shiver of fright in the streets of Copenhagen, on the ground that an orthodox Czar could not bear the baneful presence of the heretic English clergyman, but I know this Englishman well, and that he would rather cut off his finger than twist the truth.

Such anecdotes as these would be too trifling to note in the case of an ordinary man, about whom it was possible to obtain reliable information. About the Czar, however, we know principally falsehoods, because the few Russians who make it their business to write upon Russian affairs in English and American periodicals, are either paid officials of their Government or else hope to be. In either case they could not afford to tell the truth, even if they knew it. A secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington, for instance, has just published in the *Century* magazine a short communication in which he sweepingly stigmatises George Kennan as a frothy fiction-monger, and assures Americans that they must believe nothing about Russia, excepting that it is the friend of America, and a model of good government, so far as a wise Czar and honest officials can make it so. Yet Frederic Remington, who is one of America's first artists, and who visited Europe for the first time in his life last summer, was not only himself promptly ejected for presuming to ask permission whether he might make a canoe-voyage, but his canoe was confiscated and kept so long that he was back sketching in the Rocky Mountains before he could get it released, and then it was in a smashed condition and burdened with a fine, which of course had to be paid. This fine has just been remitted, thanks to the energetic representations of a German Consul, and after seven months of official Russian silence. This is all that Mr. Remington has to show for a wasted summer and an expenditure of considerable money, to say nothing of the cost of transporting a sailing-canoe from New York to St. Petersburg and back.

Mr. Pennell, another American artist, was ejected the year before; but for him I have not so much sympathy, because he was sketching without permission, whereas Remington was armed with a personal introduction from the American Secretary of State, and had taken pains to apply for permission a full week before entering Russia.

But the precautions taken by this great Cæsar of Slavdom are, after all, most important, if not most interesting, in the department of war; and with a good map, the interested reader may have a little practical information on this subject. In my last article I touched upon the Higher Staff organisation, Local Brigade powers, Reserve Infantry, and a few of the principal movements of the Russian army westward, up to the month of January, 1893. To this I have now to add further details.

Artillery.—Ten light artillery batteries and two mounted batteries have been newly organised, likewise one regiment of artillery, consisting of four light batteries—all these stationed at Helsingfors. The light batteries first referred to, which in time of peace consist of eight guns, are apportioned off, two at a time, to one of the five brigades of riflemen. These five rifle brigades, judged by the manner in which they are disposed along the western frontier, have the obvious purpose of serving as frontier protection on the outbreak of war—each brigade co-operating with the two batteries of sixteen pieces, and a few squadrons.

The staff headquarters of the five brigades are: Plotzk, a little place on the Vistula, about half-way between Warsaw and the Prussian border; Tzchenstochau, a town close to the border of Prussian Silesia on the double line of railway, about half-way between Warsaw and Vienna. The third headquarters of this frontier force is on the north-eastern border of Roumania, half-way between Odessa and Kieff, at a place on the railway called Tultschin. The fourth staff headquarters is in Odessa. The fifth and last brigade staff of this frontier class of troops is close to the frontier of East Prussia, at a little place called Schuwalki, not on any railway line or navigable stream, and almost on a line between Grodno and Königsberg. The moment war breaks out it will be the care of this brigade to make a dash over the Prussian border and seize, if possible, the contents of the great military stud farm, where the famous Prussian horse is bred. Close to this establishment is also the German Emperor's pet hunting forest, Rominten, where a Russian brigadier would find very comfortable quarters—if undisturbed.

A sixth brigade of reserve field-artillery has been newly stationed at Saratov, on the Volga, and a Cadre reserve battery of the 48th Artillery Brigade. Of the six reserve artillery brigades, the 3rd and 6th have at present seven batteries, the others six.

Engineer Troops.—In September of 1892 were formed two companies of Submarine Mining Engineers, one for the Vistula, and one for the Narev.

Garrison Troops.—At this moment, January, 1893, Russia has one regiment of Garrison Infantry, made up of two battalions, and twenty-nine Garrison Infantry battalions of five companies each. Of these, three were erected within this last year, namely, the battalions in Grodno, Libau, and Riga-Dünamünde.

Garrison Artillery.—This amounts to fifty-three battalions, ten independent companies, and two smaller commands. Of this total the amount newly created in 1892 was one battalion apiece at each of the following points:—Sebastopol, Kars, Tashkend, and Segrshe. One company has been created in Kuschk beyond the Caspian, and another in Vladivostok on the Pacific, three companies in Alexandropol in the Caucasus, and, finally, two new artillery headquarters in Odessa and Nikolaiev, both convenient for operation on the Black Sea.

Sappers and Miners.—In this direction no separate formations have been made of any consequence up to last year, when the Government created special companies for garrison work in the following places:—Dünaburg on the Dwina; Kovno on the Nieman (the German Memel); Ossovetz on the Bobra, close to its junction with the Narev,

a fortress close to the East Prussian frontier on the railway from Bielostok to Königsberg; at Nowo-Georgiewsk on the Vistula below Warsaw; at Warsaw, at Iwangorod above Warsaw on the Vistula, and at Brest Litowsk. These last three fortresses—or rather four—are at the points of the famous strategic triangle calculated to check a Prussian march upon Moscow or Petersburg. The other two places in which companies of this description have been newly created are Cronstadt and Sebastopol—nine companies in all—to which have been added four small sections with cognate duties.

Great attention has been devoted during the past year to the strengthening of the telegraph and balloon sections.

Cossacks.—New formations have been made under this head, but the details are not important enough to mention here, the object being only to increase their cadres for the event of war. Two more battalions of Cossack infantry have been created, so that the total number is now six battalions, which, at the outbreak of war, is to be increased to eighteen.

Frontier Guard.—This refers to the permanent force policing the immediate frontier as distinguished from the Rifle Brigade above referred to. The Frontier Guards have been duly organised in 1892, so as to be now a strictly military organisation, consisting of twenty-four brigades and one independent section. At present on the western border of European Russia, from the northernmost point of Prussia to the mouth of the Danube, there are stationed a total of sixty-four companies and eighteen regiments of mounted infantry. In time of peace they are, of course, useful in capturing Jews and smugglers, but at the outbreak of war they are doubly valuable, for they relieve the military authorities of anxiety in regard to the first steps towards protecting the frontier. These troops are distinguished for their knowledge of the country in which they operate, and may be expected to afford the troops behind them time to make their formations to the best advantage.

In concluding, I beg to repeat what I said in my last article on this subject (SPEAKER, February 11th, 1893), that not one of the facts I publish represents a breach of confidence on the part of a Russian or anyone else—so far as I know. The money and time which they represent are cheerfully given because the civilised world is interested in having on this subject reliable knowledge; and because Russia is most anxious that English public opinion be just now lulled to rest by journalistic opiates.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ORANGE ORATORY.

SOME of our Tory friends are very angry with us because they say we do not treat seriously enough the awful fulminations with which Ulster orators are making the air blue, or rather orange—these days past. We do not know the men we are dealing with, they tell us, and we are lifting up our joke too soon. If we were really guilty of this levity, we might plead in extenuation the gentle example of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who when appealed to the other day by that most amiable of fire-eaters, Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, for a form of prayer suitable to the warlike occasion, slyly referred him to those petitions in the collects which enjoin a peaceful demeanour and a general moderation and circumspection of conduct. But we can assure our friends on the other side that we are the last in the world to treat Orange oratory with unbecoming levity. On the contrary, we regard the matter as a most profound and serious subject of study. For years Orange oratory, aye! and Orange song—we can lay our hand on our heart and say it—have ever claimed our fascinated attention whenever one or the other came beneath our gaze or smote upon our ear. We would even venture to put it forward that the principles of Orange oratory ought to be expounded in the rhetoric classes of our schools. It has qualities possessed by absolutely no other school of oratory of which we are aware. The Greek, the Roman, the British schools—what do they do? Why, they change, they vary; at different periods you see a difference. In different sets of circumstances there is an alteration too. They are bound to some extent by a certain slavish relationship to the region of fact. Now with the Orange school of oratory nothing of this kind happens. It never varies. Fixed and immutable, uninfluenced by the vicissitudes of revolutions, it is a veritable classic. Whether the time be the beginning, the middle, or the end of the century; whether the occasion be Catholic Emancipation, Church Disestablishment, or Home Rule, it remains ever the same—the same in style, the same in sentiment, practically the same even in words. And it has absolutely no relationship to the conduct of those who practise it. It contains vows which are never kept, threats which are never carried out, solemn declarations which are forgotten as soon as made. This fact enables it, whatever happens, whatever goes down amid the wreck, to be ready to hand for every new occasion. There is something sublime and monumental about this stony rigidity with which it continues to look up over the waste of extinct revolutions and accomplished change like the mystic and battered countenance of the Sphinx.

A few examples from the Orange oratory of 1868, when Mr. Gladstone was carrying through his Church Disestablishment Bill, compared with some specimens from the oratory of the present crisis, will illustrate the remarkable qualities to which we refer. These examples, and many more, will be found in an admirable pamphlet compiled by Mr. John Clancy, M.P., which we sincerely hope is not out of print, and to which we refer the serious student who wishes to pursue the subject further. A word in explanation of certain peculiarities of style may not be out of place before quoting. It will be noticed that the language is often of a bombastic and resounding nature, or of an apocalyptic and resounding nature—in either case the note pitched is very strong. This peculiarity is explained by the fact that at open-air Orange meetings it is customary for the beating of the drums, with which fully two-thirds of the assembly are armed, to continue without cessation while the speeches are being delivered. To the great bulk of those who attend an Orange meeting the drum-beating is a far more important matter than the speeches. This necessitates the orator's shouting very loud and pitching a very high and gallant key in order to drown the music of the instruments and to attract some attention to his remarks from those gathered near him. Clergymen usually excel at this feat, and there is at each crisis one in particular who is thus distinguished above all others. In 1868 there was the Rev. John Flanagan, the gentleman who threatened to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne (but, by the mercy of Providence, didn't do it). At the present period there is the Rev. R. R. Kane, known throughout Ulster as the Rev. "Roaring" Kane, seemingly on account of his great prowess in this respect.

Now for a few quotations. Let us lead off with an immortal utterance of the Rev. John Flanagan. It was delivered at Newbliss, Monaghan, 20th March, 1868:—

"If ever they dare to lay unholy hands upon the Church, 200,000 Orangemen will tell them it shall never be. Our loyalty is conditional, and it must be explained as such. Our Gracious Queen should be reminded that one of her ancestors, who swore to maintain the Protestant religion, forgot his oath, and his crown was kicked into the Boyne.

'Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.'"

Rev. H. W. Ferrar, F.T.C.D., on March 6th, 1868, at Rathmines: "If they think the Protestants of Ireland will succumb

without a struggle, they know not the men with whom they have to deal. But I say solemnly, before God, if they want us to die as martyrs, we will die as soldiers."

Rev. Thomas Ellis, at Portadown, May, 1868: "We will fight as men alone can fight who have the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other."

Rev. Henry Henderson, at Tranmore Hill, Co. Tyrone, June 8th, 1868, "spoke now not rashly, but calmly and deliberately. Mr. Gladstone and his co-conspirators were driving the country into civil war."

Rev. C. Maginnis, at Omagh, June 14th, 1868:

> "Our bosoms we'll bare to the glaring strife,
> Our vows are recorded on high:
> To prevail in the cause is dearer than life,
> Or crushed in its ruins to die."

The present Recorder of Dublin (Mr. Falkiner, Q.C.), on April 15th, 1869: "They must tell Mr. Gladstone that if they could not valiantly succeed they could nobly die."

The present Right Hon. David Plunket, M.P., First Commissioner of Works in the late Cabinet, on March 31st, 1869: "We appeal to our brother Protestants in England and Wales to stand by us in this last awful hour of our fortunes. We call upon them not to drive us again to that old kind of material—physical resistance."

These few sentiments are, perhaps, enough to illustrate the strange immutability of Orange oratory. They were expressed in the course of a tremendous agitation which extended all over Ulster, and mustered dukes, marquises, and earls on its platforms. Let them be collated with sentiments from the speeches and manifestoes of the present agitation, and the result will be found to be impressive. Here, for example, are a few from the last meeting at Belfast:

Mr. Thomas Sinclair: "Cabinet Ministers might sneer at them, and put them aside; but, if they did, the Loyalists would take a step further. The time was coming when every Loyalist in Ireland must enrol to be ready for any emergency."

Mr. George Clarke: "They had a high respect for their lives and property, and for the lives and property of others; but if duty should call upon them, they would not hesitate to do as their fathers had done."

Rev. Dr. McCutchen: "If the Home Rule Bill became law the question would be, How should they act? Should civil war result, who could blame them if they acted on the defensive? History afforded many instances of men and nations taking up arms against unconstitutional and tyrannical laws."

It will be seen that the identical gamut of 1868 is being run through. As to the relation of all this to conduct, it is only necessary to point out that the Church Disestablishment Bill became law, that there was no civil war, and that of all these excellent "soldier and martyr" orators the most are still alive and doing nicely, and the balance died comfortably in their beds.

THE CONTEMPT FOR PARLIAMENT.

His opinion of the House had never been a very high one, and it was lower now than ever. It seemed to be worked on the penny-in-the-slot principle, into which the Whips on both sides put a penny and got a vote. The members were dispersed all over the House until the division-bell rang, when the halt and the blind, and the lame or the lazy, rushed into the House to vote for the Government or the Opposition, as the case might be.—*Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., at Canning Town on Saturday night.*

HERE is an utterance very valuable to have, and all who are thinking about the political education of the democratic voter would do well to consider it. We have no doubt Mr. Keir Hardie is sincere in thus recording his idea of the great Parliament of which he has the honour to be a member. That, indeed, is the serious part of it. What is still more to the point, his working-men constituents took him as sincere, and "rose," we are told, to cheer him with enthusiasm. To them, poor fellows, these words were a message of preternatural wisdom and enlightenment. Now, there is food for a good deal of thought in this. Mr. Keir Hardie is important because he is a type. There are many speakers like him going about amongst the working classes, and there are hosts who hang in admiration and sympathy upon their lips. The idea he expresses about the House of Commons and the English system of party government is one prevalent amongst a considerable class in the country, especially amongst that class of working men who see wisdom in separating themselves from the Liberal Party. It is an idea to which a natural but rather blind impatience with the complexity of interests in society and the slowness of reform, render the working-man peculiarly open. Coming from Mr. Keir Hardie now, with his few weeks of actual experience, it has all the authority of a confirmed inspiration. Mr. Hardie is thus a teacher and a prophet, and this attitude of mind of his before the institutions of his country is something to be considered. What is that attitude? We see him brought into what is, after all, the holy of holies of British freedom, a spot hallowed by the most glorious constitutional struggles in history; he is confronted with the tremendous instrument of popular liberty which has been the envy of the democracies of the world for generations, which the Voltaires, the Tocquevilles, the Montalemberts, of France have sighed after in vain—in vain because such Parliaments are not made, they grow—which the framers of the American Republic followed as their criterion, which has been the parent and model of every free legislature that has been established anywhere in the world since—and what impression does it make upon him? It is a "penny-in-the-slot" machine! He sees the mighty instrument at work. He sees the Whips marshalling their forces; he hears bells ring; troops of members pass before his eyes and file through the lobbies. It would be natural enough that upon an untutored mind these operations should at first produce a confused and bewildering impression. With a little modesty aiding a little natural intelligence, the significance of it all would become soon apparent. But, be it remarked, not modesty nor reverence, but contempt and omniscience are the notes of Mr. Keir Hardie's attitude. He knows it all, and he despises it all. He has seen it now, and his opinion of the thing is lower than even the opinion he had confidently formed before he had seen it. It is all just a penny-in-the-slot business: Whips put in coins, out come votes, and processions of halt and blind, and lame and lazy, circulate about the premises. Even so might some conceited Kaffir, who had been brought to London, give his native village, on his return, a satirical account of the British steam engine or the General Post Office. Pessimistic writers, uneasy at the vast changes to which society is about to be subjected, are fond of describing the proletarian of to-day, with his ignorance—or his worse than ignorance, his thin veneer of education which is just enough to destroy his reverence for knowledge and authority—his appetites, his nomadic movement upon the great cities, as the modern barbarian encamped in the midst of civilisation. We are not much impressed by these chimeras ourselves, so far, at any rate, as England is concerned; we have too strong a belief in the bottom soundness of our democracy; but if many British working men took to speaking and acting like Mr. Keir Hardie there would, at least, be some excuse for those who entertained such fears—for even those who mentioned in this sense the word barbarian.

No more mischievous sentiment than this contempt for the House of Commons, which, carried to its inevitable conclusion, means simply a contempt for Parliamentary institutions could be spread about amongst our working classes. It comes into this country probably from France, through Fabianism, Socialism, or one of the numerous agencies by which continental notions manage to reach the brain of the British working man—from France, where they have never had Parliamentary government as we understand it, and where their distrust of what the Opportunist Republic has been offering them under the guise of it is, goodness knows, not without warrant. The sentiment is mischievous in many ways. It is a fertile soil in which to nourish charlatanism: there is no easier way of gaining a reputation for superiority with a certain class of minds than by displaying contempt for what other people revere,

Pushed onwards without hindrance, and allowed to spread and sink into the popular mind, it might well end in impelling the working classes to destroy the palladium of their own liberties, and in landing them the victims of a frightful disillusion and reaction. Far more important than any actual reforms is the general temper of mind in which such reforms are considered, and the general confidence in the institutions by which they are to be carried out. It is this spirit of confidence in the Parliamentary instrument of reform which has robbed change in England of all its dangers, and advanced the civic lot of the British citizen of every rank of life to a point not yet achieved by the citizen of any other country. It would be cruel to ask Mr. Keir Hardie what, if he were rendered omnipotent as well as omniscient, he would substitute for the "penny-in-the-slot machine" as an engine and bulwark of Democratic liberty? But this is a question which, in another shape, must be put to the British working man who is incited to despise the House of Commons. It is in his case only the fault of an imperfect political education, and the task of completing his political education is, in our deliberate opinion, by far the most important to which Liberal thinkers of the present era can apply themselves. British working men must and can be made to realise that they have rights and privileges as well as grievances; and that however much remains to be redressed in their condition, they are to-day, under the ægis of their Parliament, the most advanced, privileged and protected working class in the world. Nothing is more strange and lamentable than to see the British working man deriving his political ideas from his backward brothers of the Continent, as if he did not know how far ahead he stood compared with them. It is odd to see him contemning the privileges he has obtained in his own country, and putting himself on a level with the proletarian of France—that country which, as M. Renan said, is trying slowly to make up its own arrears on a nation which it had regarded as retrograde. The greatness of his Parliament, which to-day opens its doors to him and welcomes him to its highest places, the mighty things that Parliament has achieved for progress and freedom, achieved mainly by help of the wise patience and sympathy with which the British people has supported its work: these are things which, for his own benefit and the benefit of the nation, must be impressed upon the mind of the working man. We believe his mind is open, receptive, generous, and broad as that of any other citizen of the State, and that he is himself only eager for that political education which will make him as proud of the great free institutions of his country as he seems now inclined to despise them.

THE MODERN PRESS.

IX.—"The Spectator."

A LONG and honourable history, not without its fluctuating fortunes and times of depression, attaches to the *Spectator*. From the days of Mr. Rintoul onwards, it has kept itself in the van of British journalism, has faithfully maintained the best traditions of the national Press, and has set an example which every other critical newspaper in the Empire would do well to follow. Its present editors and proprietors, Mr. Richard Hutton and Mr. Townshend, became associated together in the management of the paper more than thirty years ago. They acquired it when its fortunes were at the lowest, and by dint of sheer hard work, manful independence, and real ability, they have succeeded in making it not only a handsome "property" in the commercial sense, but one of the leading powers in journalism. Without saying anything derogatory to the high character and remarkable abilities of his partner, we may at once observe that it is Mr. Hutton who, in the eyes of the present generation, represents the *Spectator*. His individuality it is which we find impressed upon every page of the review; and in its successive phases of political thought it is his mental wanderings which it has followed. Bit by bit the conviction has been forced upon many of us that if English journalism has a chief—and even a Republic acknowledges a head—he is to be found in Mr. Hutton. And great as the distinction of being the chief "newspaper man" of his generation must be under any circumstances, it is immeasurably increased when we consider under what circumstances it has been acquired by the editor of the *Spectator*. He has certainly not gained it either by any exceptional gift in the way of that flashy writing which is so dear to the Philistine public, nor by any of those adventitious circumstances which sometimes force a journalist into prominence. The *Spectator* has never pretended to be more than a review in which the opinions of certain men upon the questions of the hour were to be found. Although long the leading organ of Liberal thought and Liberal statesmen in the weekly press, it was never the mere advocate of a particular party, and when, a few years ago, it ceased to be the representative of the cause which it had so long championed with such success, there was not a single man among its readers who had the right to reproach it, or to charge its editors with backsliding. It continued to be what it had been all along, the perfectly honest and straightforward exponent of the opinions of certain able and independent men. Those who have read the *Spectator* with regularity for the last twenty or thirty years have been witnesses of the gradual development of a remarkable mind. Of the readers of what other journal in the world could so much as this be said?

We shall steadily refrain here, as we have refrained throughout in this series of papers, from entering into any discussion of the present attitude of the journal with which we are dealing with regard to party politics. This much only need be said on that subject: that no man who knows the editors of the *Spectator* doubts their absolute sincerity, or questions the fact that, in changing to a large extent their views upon the political and ethical problems of the time, they have been guided by only the highest motives. It is a sad thing to many of us that we cannot any longer see eye to eye with the editor of the *Spectator* on the topics of the day. We have had to part company with our old friend and leader; but we have done so with real reluctance, and, looking back, we have a grateful recollection of the time when we marched by his side. As for our personal estimate of his character, or of the manner in which he discharges the high duties of his office, it has not been affected in even the slightest degree by all that has happened of late. There are some, indeed, who feel the separation so keenly that, like parted lovers who cannot bear to revisit the scene of their lost joys, they can no longer bear even to look at the *Spectator*. "My respect for Mr. Hutton is so great," wrote a very distinguished man not very long ago, "that I no longer venture to read his paper." And though the compliment thus conveyed may sound curiously, it was meant in earnest.

It is generally admitted that the functions of the weekly newspaper are altogether different from those of an ordinary daily. Brief as is the difference of time between the one and the other, it suffices to impose upon the editor of the weekly certain duties which nobody seeks to lay upon his colleague of the daily. He is expected to view matters from a higher standpoint and to take a more comprehensive survey of the situation than the editor who pronounces judgment at midnight upon the speech that has been made or the division that has been taken a few minutes before. There must be a certain sense of detachment about the editor of the weekly that you never expect to find in the daily journalist. Leisure, perhaps, is too large a word to use in connection

even with the editor of the *Spectator* in these days; but if a weekly journal is to prove successful, it must absolutely rid itself of that sense of breathless hurry which invariably attaches itself to the daily newspaper. Here you expect to find more thought and less declamation; less passion and greater impartiality; a sobriety of utterance that, though by no means so telling at the moment as the brilliant writing of the dailies, has infinitely greater staying power. In all these respects the *Spectator* has from the first proved itself to be admirably qualified to fill its place in the world of journalism. The writing in it, whatever else it may have been, has at least been quite unlike the writing in the dailies. The members of the staff have successfully caught their editor's tone and style, and the paper as a whole has been as sober and reasonable as a University sermon. Culture, breadth of thought, a keen interest in metaphysical and literary as well as political questions, and a yet keener interest in questions of theology, have from the first been the marked characteristics of Mr. Hutton; and those who have read the *Spectator* have found these characteristics in its pages. But Mr. Hutton himself is changed, and his journal has changed with him. He no longer occupies his old standpoint in theology, and thousands of readers have either advanced with him to his new position or have sorrowfully turned away, unable to follow him longer. Whether with him or against him, they have never lost the impression that they were in the presence of a strong individuality, a powerful mind, and a noble soul.

Of the influence which the *Spectator* has wielded in the hands of its present editors everybody is conscious. There was a time when the journalists of the United Kingdom invariably found a text for their Monday's leaders in the *Spectator* of the preceding Saturday. There was another period when the paper was read with keen attention by the leading statesmen of the Liberal party, and when its editor was consulted upon questions of high policy. And probably it still is what it has long been, the favourite political and literary journal in the parsonages of England. In other words, it has been the thinking people whom it has influenced. What higher influence could any journalist desire to possess?

Among the other characteristics of the paper that must be noticed in this imperfect sketch is the manifest desire of its editors to cultivate a spirit of genuine fairness in their dealings with their fellow-creatures. They fail sometimes to attain it; for perfection is beyond their reach, as it is beyond the reach of others. Sometimes, indeed, they seem to be almost ludicrously unfair towards a particular antagonist. But when that is the case, the careful reader will quickly perceive that it is not from passion or prejudice, or from any deliberate intention to "smash" an adversary, that the editor has been unfair; but simply from an error in his point of view, a flaw in his logic, by means of which he has been led to a wrong conclusion. Yet even if these deviations from the path he has marked out for himself were far more numerous than they are, the editor of the *Spectator* would still remain the very type of a fair and honourable journalist, whom no man might fear to meet in open contest, and whose blows, however hard they might be, would never be aimed below the belt. The *Spectator* does not lend itself to the views of new schools and sets. It has never aspired to set a literary fashion; and it has a just contempt for some standards in art and ethics which, at all times, some noisy clique or other is striving to establish. Old-fashioned is perhaps the word which best suits its opinions on literary questions and others akin to them; and a right wholesome old fashion it is. The weaknesses of the journal are certainly to be classed with those we call amiable. It hates with a perfect hatred a man who defends vivisection; it believes apparently that our four-legged fellow-creatures are but undeveloped men, and provides us every week with some delightfully quaint story of the sagacious magpie order. Occasionally it raises a laugh against itself by its simple credulity. But there is nothing ill-natured in the laugh, and we love our *Spectator* all the more because its innocent faith has once or twice been imposed upon.

But that which stamps the *Spectator* with a character of its own is the fact that for thirty years past through its pages the reading public of Great Britain have been brought into constant contact with a powerful and noble mind, and that here, without any bragging over the greatness of the functions of the Press, any attempt at self-advertisement or self-eulogy, we have seen a great journalist exercising those functions without fear and without reproach, to the lasting benefit of his fellow-creatures.

WYCLIF AS HERO.

CARLYLE long ago sang in his dithyrambic vein the praises of the hero as prophet and as priest. Of the same stuff all heroes were made, but the stuff found its keenest temper and most efficient form in the Spiritual King, as he named the prophet, and the Spiritual Captain, as he called the priest. The subject woke in him the sleeping Covenanter, and he struggled to get the wild words out of him as if he had been a Moorland preacher charged to deliver the burden of the Lord. In one of his exquisite letters to his mother he told her, with a vanity pardonable because assumed—for he knew it would please her and make her feel almost as if he "wagged his pow in a pulpit"—"I had people *greeting* yesterday," and he described his audience, "bonnie braw dames, ladies this and ladies that, old men of fourscore, men middle aged, with fine steel-grey beards; young men of the universities, of the law profession, all sitting quite mum there, and the Annandale voice 'gellying' at them." And he confessed he had been "shaken and stirred up considerably into a 'raised' state"—*i.e.*, he had had the prophetic afflatus, and he relieved himself like one who had in him the blood of the Westland Cameronian and the spirit of the later seceder. And he was not without his message. He might be something of a modern Diogenes in search of a man, without feeling that he ought to be the man he was in search of; but one thing was true of him, if he had a truculent tongue and a caustic pen, he yet knew a man when he found him, and never stinted his praise. The most judicial writers are often the least just; they so judge a man in the light of the history he made as to do injustice to the man as he was before he made the history, or it was there with its light. Carlyle was anything but judicial, yet he was often essentially just. He understood the worth and the force of personalities, that history was made and ruled more by particular men than by general laws, and his aim was to get at the laws in the men rather than to see the men as shuttle-cocks, which certain battledores called laws drove hither and thither. For in faith, as in spirit and manner, he remained the Covenanter. Law was to him Will, moral while imperious, impersonated in the men who made history by being the servants of the Almighty. And so his heroic in history was only another name for the divine; the great man was the vehicle of the hidden will his fathers had revealed, and what he meant was what they had maintained when they said "The saints shall govern the earth." And on the whole the saint does govern it. Philip of Macedon is long since turned to clay, but Plato is still a living instructor of princes. Alexander is dead these two thousand odd years, but Aristotle remains a sceptred sovereign. It is only by the grace of Isaiah that the kings of Judah and Israel are not utterly forgotten; and he preaches even more vigorously in this nineteenth century after Christ than he did in the eighth century before Him. It is but a poor courage that

is only equal to killing or being killed; it is courage of a finer and rarer quality that can so charge words with life as to make them act through all time like quickening spirits.

The latest addition to the "Heroes of the Nations" is a prophet, John Wyclif.* Few men stand there by more indefeasible right. He was a speaker of words which count more than deeds, for they caused revolutions, and created heroes. Not that the words stood alone; truth was in them, for action and reality were in the man. What he was may be learned in part, though only in part. The book is interesting, brightly but hurriedly written, uneven in quality, with little first-hand knowledge; often incorrect, though with some points of detail freshly and lucidly worked out, expounded here and there with a good deal of easy-going conjecture, without much insight into the Schoolman it professes to treat of, with no very coherent ideas of the man and the reformer. The illustrations are abundant, of unequal merit, and are more illustrative of the time than of the book. We have six portraits, and are allowed to choose between them according to our taste, though with the help of judicious advice from the author. On the whole we welcome the book as significant of the feeling in the larger England; it is doubtful if in a purely English series it would have appeared. Wyclif is a hero to his people rather than to his home, though it has had few more characteristic sons, and still fewer with so many claims to grateful remembrances. With him the religious question was at once social, economic, and national; and though he defended the rights of the State against the tyranny of the Church, yet he no less maintained the cause of the poor against the exactions of the rich, and of the weak against the oppression of the strong. He did as much for English prose as Chaucer did for English poetry; and he did more for the enlightenment of Europe than any other single Englishman. One of the defects of Mr. Sergeant's book is its failure to seize and to exhibit Wyclif's significance for later movements, home and foreign. Continental scholars have here been at once truer to fact and more generous to the man; they possess eyes that controversy has not dimmed, and enjoy the distance that gives a real perspective. They have enabled us to see what Wyclif, vanquished at home, accomplished abroad. He gave Hus his ruling ideas, sowed the seeds of reform in Germany, changed the emphasis in religion from the ceremonial to the ethical, carried the appeal from organised authority to the authority of the Invisible Head, and so led the faith back to its sources as to restore to its Founder His supremacy. This doctrine of the Church profoundly influenced Zwingli, and, for the Scriptures, Luther; while his contention that of all a pastor's duties the greatest was the rectitude of his own life, and the next the preaching of the Word, sketched the ministerial ideal that the Reformed Churches were to attempt to make actual. He was not by any means the first who preached in the vernacular, but he made it a real education, recognised that it was the concern of God's people and not simply of priests or friars. In other words, his appeal was to the common reason, and he summoned men to its exercise, to achieve freedom by knowing the truth.

Wyclif can never be studied apart from his time; in him all its forces met. He was essentially a Schoolman fashioned in the Oxford of Duns Scotus and Ockham and Fitz Ralph. From Scotus came his constant tendency to interpret Deity under the category of Will; from Ockham the nominalism that made him so cogent a critic of the mysteries that were repugnant to his reason; from Fitz-Ralph his love of justice and the belief that made religion limit dominion and control economics. But deeper than the Schoolman was the passion for purity, the desire to see a religion which should be rather of Christ than of the Church. Wyclif belongs to the great army of reformers whose inspiration has come from an attempted return to the primitive faith. Renan in a striking passage tells us that as Socrates founded philosophy, and Aristotle science, Jesus has founded religion; and though religious thought has since He lived undergone revolutions and made great conquests, yet it can never escape from the essential notion which He created, and to which it must ever return. And every time the return has been attempted a revolution has come, and so the Founder remains the most recreative force in the religion He founded. And of this truth Wyclif is one of the most impressive witnesses. Out of the beliefs it created came his passion for reform. We know from his sermons the sort of evil days upon which he had fallen, but not from his sermons alone. In Chaucer the friar is "wanton and merry," a master of "dalliance and fair language;" he

> "Knew well the taverns in every town,
> And every hostler and gay tapstere,
> Better than a lazar and a beggar."

The pardoner whose "hair was yellow as wax," and "glaring eyes had he as an hare," had also a rich collection of sacred things:

> "His wallet lay before him in his lap,
> Brimful of pardon come from Rome all hot."

He had in his trunk

> "Our lady's veil,
> He said he had a gobbet of the sort
> Which Saint Peter had."

But, as even more valuable,

> "In a glass he had pig's bones."

What Chaucer said is sweet and dainty compared with what we find in Piers Plowman or Jack Ufland. And what could a man do who faced these men and times, not as a poet in search of the picturesque or of material for his satire, but as a man of religion who believed that the ideal for all ages was given us in the Gospel and words of Jesus Christ? Why, what could he do but seek to go back to the ways and mind and methods of the Christ to whom he had returned? And so Wyclif preached in the manner of Jesus Christ; called and trained disciples to go round the villages of England preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom; affirmed that not the priest and the Levite, but the good Samaritan was the good Christian—not the Pharisee who sat in Moses' seat, but the publican who confessed and renounced his sins was the saved man. And in doing this lies his real significance. He showed that the way back was the path of reform; the man who would be a Christian must learn of Christ, and learning was possible only to him who returned. The man who gave this lesson to his people was all the more a hero that he was a saint and not a martyr.

* John Wyclif, last of the Schoolmen, and first of the English Reformers. By Lewis Sergeant. G. P. Putnam s Sons, New York and London. 1893.

A SOUTH LONDON INDUSTRY.

SOUTH London is a great and terrible wilderness, wherein the wayfaring man may lose his way without much trouble, nor find it again for many hours. The main arteries intersect labyrinths of dingy, crooked streets, of the type of Union Street and Gravel Lane—we are thinking more particularly of that section of Southwark which lies between Blackfriars Road and the Borough—with courts still more squalid opening off them. The houses—where they have not been swept away to make room for bran-new blocks of "buildings," as on the site of the old Marshalsea—are low and mean, of nondescript-coloured brick; here and there they are replaced by vast grim structures, known vaguely to the outsider as "works of some sort."

The greater number of these "works" bear somewhere about them the inscription "Jones" (say), "Fur and Skin Merchants"—or words to that effect. The entrance thereto is usually through a gate in a

blank wall, which, to the casual passer-by, conveys no hint of what may be going on inside. Only, should you happen along that way at opening or closing time, you may see a troop of women and girls —*squalida cohors*—in white aprons, and bareheaded, or with little grey shawls over their heads. Their faces, as a rule, are pale and sickly, and their garments, for the most part, suggest an intimate acquaintance with the dust-bin. You need not be a Pharisee to feel some misgivings at the thought of personal contact; and your companion, who lives in Cromwell Road, and is unversed in the true inwardness of Southwark life, remarks in judicial tones that "she should think people might, however poor they were, at any rate keep clean and decent." Well, she has never manipulated rabbit-skins in Jones's, or any other firm's fur-works.

"Mrs. Mahoney, is that you? How do you do?" Half-a-dozen women, at least, turn round at this salutation—but the one to whom it is addressed—a tall, broad-shouldered Irishwoman, whose rosy cheeks look strangely out of place here (one wonders how long she will retain them), stops in delighted recognition. "Indeed, and how's yourself, miss?" "I mustn't keep you—but can you tell me has Catherine MacCarthy got back to work?" "And it's that she hasn't—they offered her a job to do at home, but her landlord won't have it, and she can't get another room." "And Ellen Denny?" "Oh, she's got a job at home—not much, though—just a matter of two or three turns. Good morning, miss!" And Mrs. Mahoney disappears inside the gates; and, whether or not she leaves hope behind her as she enters, we see no more of her.

We have often wished to penetrate within those portals, but have never yet succeeded in attempting the adventure—nor did we ever meet with anyone, not actually in the trade, who had done so. We haven't heard of the Labour Commission in connection with the fur trade—so we suppose they have not yet pushed their investigations so far. Personally, we have now and then cherished a wild dream of disguising ourselves in a ragged old gown and our worst boots—with, perhaps, the addition of a black-eye and several bits of sticking-plaster—and boldly marching in to ask for work, on the chance of being able to stand it for three days. One can pick up a deal of information in three days. But other engagements having interfered with the execution of this project, the next best thing is to study the subject in sample, so to speak, at the private residence of Ellen Denny.

Ellen Denny lives up a court which is not easy to find, and proves, when you reach it, to be paved with exceedingly uncomfortable cobble-stones. Discovering an open front-door which gives access to a minute staircase—say, eighteen inches in width—we batter at it for some time, and are at last hailed by a voice from above. We answer the voice, and presently perceive, at the head of the stairs, a vision of Miss Denny, enveloped, like an Olympic divinity, in a cloud, and inviting us to ascend.

We do so, finding, when we enter, that the cloud not only fills the whole apartment, but is beginning to settle, in a concrete form, all over us. It seems to be of the same nature as the flue which, through the iniquities of negligent servants, is apt to accumulate behind side-boards and under sofas, before it has concreted itself into lumps and balls. Before we have been ten minutes in the place we find our garments assuming a uniform grey tint, and begin to choke and cough in an alarming manner. Poor Ellen Denny coughs the whole time, more or less—in a dry, resigned way, as if she were used to it.

As soon as our eyes have become accustomed to the haze, we find ourselves in a little room—perhaps nine feet by twelve, or rather less. It contains a bed, a couple of Windsor chairs, and hardly anything else. There is a handful of fire in the grate, and a kettle on it—tea being Ellen's principal resource at any hour of the day—but as one is forced to keep the window wide open at the top, it makes little difference to the temperature. Ellen sits in front of the window, with a board fixed to the ledge forming a kind of rough table, on which lies a heap of rabbit-skins. She is suffering from tooth-ache, and the icy stream of air (it is a bitter January day) falling on the top of her head is not conducive to comfort. But she remarks philosophically that she supposes it can't be helped. She has no objection to show us the process of fur-pulling, and goes on with her work for our benefit. Taking a skin in her left hand, she holds in her right an iron instrument like a clumsy knife without a handle (in spite of appearances, it is exceedingly sharp, and the uninitiated are apt to slice off the tips of their fingers with the same), and with that, so far as one can see (for the process is a very rapid one), plucks at the long, shiny hairs that form the rabbit's outer coat. In an incredibly short time the skin presents quite a different appearance. It is now seen to be covered with short, soft down, of a greyish-yellow colour. Ellen throws it aside, and begins upon another. She has two "turns" to do, with no certainty, when they are finished, of any more work before next week. A "turn" is supposed to consist of about sixty skins, but the number varies, under the operation of some mysterious law. Wage statistics are, for some reason or other, difficult to arrive at. Work is usually paid by the piece, and a woman doing it at home may make as much as 18s. a week —but this is not often the case, 10s. or 12s. would be nearer the average figure when work is fairly regular. Frequently it is impossible for them to take the work home, as, from its unhealthy nature, owners of houses object to its being carried on in their rooms. Where fur-works overlook dwelling-houses, by the bye, canvas screens are put up to protect the occupants of the latter from the dust blown from the workshops.

Outdoor work is usually irregular. A woman attending at the yards on Monday morning never knows how much may be given her to take away—perhaps none at all. Ellen Denny tells us that last week she made only 4s. in all—out of which she had to pay the rent of her room. It is whispered —but with what truth I know not—that she is not looked on with favour by her employers, having been one of the principal movers in a union, which, alas! soon collapsed for want of funds and energy. It is said they refused to admit her to work except as an outdoor hand, and that fewer "turns" fell to her share than to any of the rest.

The work is bad enough as we see it now, but it is worse in the summer. Then, in the hot days, when the workshops reek with insufficiently cleaned Australian skins—some of them crawling with maggots—it must be well-nigh intolerable. Some employers, we believe, take precautions to minimise the evils of the work; but what precautions could get rid of the dust and fluff arising from the skins we do not know, nor what lungs could resist the long-continued action of such an atmosphere.

"Do you know how Rhoda Hunt is?" we ask. Ellen looks puzzled. "Hunt? Hunt? Oh! it's Polly, you mean—we always call 'er Polly. No; she ain't no better—never will be, doctor says, without she could go right away into the country, and never go near the fur no more."

Polly—or Rhoda—used, three or four years ago, to be a tall, deep-chested, fresh-cheeked young woman, like the milkmaid of the song. Now, at twenty-six, she looks like a stunted, poorly-grown girl of seventeen or eighteen — stooping-shouldered, angular, white, and wasted. She caught cold in the beginning of the winter, and now lies, apparently, coughing her lungs up. If she does get better there is nothing for it but to return to the works—for she knows no other trade, and cannot afford to learn one, having an aged mother to keep. And then a very short spell will suffice to dispose of the remaining piece of lung. But, as Ellen says, "What is she to do?"

The end and object of all this labour seems, at

first sight, somewhat mysterious. The workers themselves, for the most part, are entirely ignorant of it. The pulled skins are sent away, and they never see them any more, and there's an end of it; for, having no incentive to the pursuit of knowledge, they do not care to inquire. We have reason to believe that a good many of the skins are dyed and made up into the so-called beaver, otter, and other furs, which are found on low-priced jackets and mantles. The hair pulled from them is disposed of to the mattress-makers. But the main point is the soft down on the pulled skins, which, being ingeniously shaved off them by machinery, is relegated to some dim limbo at Manchester and there made into felt hats. The stiffer hairs are useless for the purpose, and, of course, were the skins shaved at once by machinery it would be impossible to separate the hair from the down; so the cruel pulling process would seem to be indispensable—if the world cannot do without felt hats. But the subject of unwholesome trades is a wide one, and needs a thorough technical and economic training to treat it competently. That we cannot pretend to do—nor even to have made an exhaustive study of the facts—only to have recorded the impression of a casual glimpse or two into a kind of life with special miseries of its own, which seems to be little known to the general public.

CREDULITY AS A FINE ART.

THE bent of professional philosophy in our day is distinctly pessimistic. There are always forecasts in plenty that we shall be submerged by the inferior races, that our literature shall the fair mountain of Parnassus leave to feed and batten on the moor of commonplace fiction, that religion must break up and the family go to the dogs. But it is noteworthy that while many people find these cataclysms most impressive on paper, they continue to act in their daily lives as if the whole machinery of the universe were oiled by the essence of optimism. Even that cheap cynicism which seeks to turn mere *ennui* into an intellectual force does not save them from a confiding simplicity in the management of their affairs. The proverb that there is no fool like an old fool has an undeservedly limited application. It is safe to say there is no folly so persistent and stupendous as that of a world which prides itself above all things on its knowledge of human nature. An amiable novelist who turns out several volumes a year full of transcendent virtues has put it on record that she never studies mankind, but prefers to take them on trust. That, at all events, is candid, whatever we may think of its wisdom; but the great ambition of most of us is to have it understood that we are thoroughly alive to human frailty, that no depravity takes us by surprise, and that we combine a feeling heart with the shrewdest possible head. We are amazed at the blindness of a friend to the obvious character of the swindler who has taken him in. It is incredible that even the veriest yokel should continue to be gulled by the "confidence trick." A perfect stranger throws himself on your bosom, swears he is your friend for life, and implores you to show your trust in his integrity by letting him take your watch and chain into the street for two minutes. No booby ought to be deceived by this; yet the police magistrates spend no inconsiderable portion of their time in listening to boobies who come into court with the unvarying tale of innocence betrayed. The "confidence trick" is not a whit more transparent than the arts of the advertiser who preys on the credulity of investors. It is just as sensible to lend your watch and chain to a chance acquaintance in a taproom as to send your money to an inventor whom you have never seen, and who undertakes to create an Eldorado by some scientific device which you do not understand. On the case against Charles Wells it is too soon to pronounce an opinion, but the evidence given before the magistrate reveals a perfectly incalculable simplicity in the mass of educated people. There is a lady who is alleged to have parted with eighteen thousand pounds on the faith of assurances which she never dreamed of submitting to any expert. A woman of such large means must have many friends, not to mention legal advisers; yet she does not appear to have consulted a single soul with regard to transactions which were spread over several years with a man she never set eyes upon till she saw him in the police-court.

It may be said that this is an extreme case of an unsophisticated spinster with a peculiarly obstinate reticence. There are probably a good many ladies who, in these piping times of emancipation, imagine that they have as excellent heads for business as any men. It is not unlikely that Miss Phillimore went on throwing good money after bad in that spirit of perversity which so often lands a woman deeper and deeper in disaster, because an irritable pride will not let her turn to others for counsel and assistance. Women are quite as often lost by obstinacy as by their proverbial hesitation. But man—proud and enlightened man—has nothing to boast of in these revelations from the lives of simpletons. A certain doctor whose attention was arrested by the usual advertisement actually called on the advertiser, who favoured him with particulars of a revolution in electric lighting. "Witness told him he was no judge of these, and relied solely on his honesty." This episode suggests something very like the deliberate cultivation of credulity. A medical man is commonly supposed to have his wits about him, and to be more familiar with the frailties of humanity than his patients. He mixes with all classes, and enjoys exceptional opportunities of studying character. So when he takes an advertisement as a proof of good faith, and calmly tells its author that he relies implicitly on the honesty of a perfect stranger, we are bound to assume that this is the cult of optimism for its own sake. Even Mrs. Oliphant, who never studies human nature, may feel herself unequal to this inspiration from a Bournemouth doctor. But if credulity is to be a fine art, surely the artist is unfaithful to his vocation when he appears as a witness for the prosecution. It is not consistent with the maxim of art for art's sake to summon the aid of the law to break up this harmony of a soul with its ideal. What is the use of a faith if you cannot suffer martyrdom? The guilt or innocence of a particular object of your confidence ought not to be material. The splendid optimist in "Les Misérables," who pardons the housebreaker even when he catches that offender with the swag in the shape of episcopal plate, ought to have set a cherished example to the credulous medico of Bournemouth.

Unfortunately, there is only too much reason to suspect that a very prosaic motive is the root of this boundless trust in the absolute stranger. If manners make the man, money more commonly makes the optimist. The invention which is proffered to an adventurous public with such delightful vagueness appeals to the love of gain and of risk which many of us have inherited from the Vikings. There is a troll in us, as the Ibsen philosophy has it, whose peculiar fantasy is to prompt us to seek short cuts to fortune by believing in the honesty of others. This, if you consider it aright, is the most exquisite irony, for all the disclosures of perfidy will not make a single man or woman less credulous than ever. If Mr. Giffen could compile statistics of credulity, it is highly probable that they would show a growth out of all proportion to the increase of population. It is conceivable that amongst the developments of charitable zeal we shall some day see a Society for the Protection of Simpletons, and that when this voluntary effort is found inadequate, its duties will be discharged, like other responsibilities, by the State. But in such an event the administration of the department would be much more complex and troublesome than that of the Poor Law.

THE GRAFTON GALLERY.—II.

LAST week I said some pleasant things about the Glasgow artists. This week I am going to take them to task for the shameless hanging of the pictures. For it is an open secret that the hanging committee was largely composed of the members of this school—Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Walton, and others. There was also on the hanging committee Mr. Shannon and Mr. Stott, of Oldham. These gentlemen seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to secure all the best places for themselves and their friends. The object of the Glasgow artists seems to have been to give the galleries the appearance of special show-rooms for their art. In this object, let it be said, they have succeeded marvellously well. Glasgow is written all over the two first rooms. The centre of every panel and the nice corners near the doors spell Glasgow in the largest of capital letters. Mr. Whistler has been conceded the place of honour, but this is the only concession that this greedy hanging committee has made either to rank or talent. The rank and talent of the painter has not been considered. Masterpieces of English and foreign art have been "skied" or relegated to distant rooms, where they are found with trouble—in obscure corners hidden by screens.

The hanging committee of the Grafton Gallery have betrayed the trust reposed in them by the director of the gallery, and have offered a flagrant insult to art.

These are loud words; but the occasion demands loud words, and I shall point out a few of the most shocking examples of the bad taste of these bumptious young men. Mr. Stott's (of Oldham) picture, "Iseult," is the worst picture in the gallery. When a question of bad painting arises the name of Mr. Frith most naturally suggests itself, but never did Mr. Frith paint anything like Mr. Stott's "Iseult." The worst picture one ever saw?—well, perhaps that would be going too far. But anything more childish it is difficult to conceive. It is childish without being naïve; and this precious production is hung on the line in the principal room, in the middle of the principal wall—the wall that faces the visitor as he enters. Mr. Orchardson has to give way to Mr. Stott, and his celebrated portrait of Mr. Gilbey is hung a little to the right of this "masterpiece." I do not think that anyone will deny that Mr. Stott's picture is very bad; but even if it were good, surely the centre of the panel belonged to Mr. Orchardson. M. Besnard's celebrated portrait of Madame R. J. is "skied." This portrait is M. Besnard's finest work; some six or seven years ago it was the talk of Paris, the most admired picture in the Salon; it made the reputation of the painter, and is unquestionably a most admirable and interesting picture. But apparently the hanging committee considered none of these things. The place where they should be hung was wanted for Glasgow or Mr. Shannon, and it was hung in the first place to hand. M. Raffaelle's portrait of M. Clémenceau at an election meeting has been hung in a recess where it cannot be seen. M. Picard, one of the most individual of the young French painters, has had one of his pictures "skied," and his best picture (131), a portrait, is hung in an adjoining room.

But to come to the worst offence—an offence so gross and so outrageous that it would be difficult to find or imagine a parallel. Listen! Degas' masterpiece has been hung in a distant room, in front of a great screen, practically in a narrow passage! and not one of the three pictures by this great master which Mr. Prange was fortunate to obtain has been judged worthy of a place in the central room. Such hanging as this cannot be passed over with a few mild words of remonstrance. The hanging committee of the Grafton Gallery owe the public an explanation. We want to know what it all means. Mr. Stott, of Oldham, may not have chosen the centre of the panel in the principal room for his picture. If he did not, we want to know who did; and then we want to know if the artist who hung the "Iseult" considers it to be a better picture than Degas' "L'Absinthe"? If the hanging committee will not come forward with some explanation of what must seem to many a disgraceful piece of jobbery, it is to be hoped that Mr. Prange will explain. It would be interesting to know if he acquiesces in the flagrant manner in which his committee has exercised the power he placed in their hands. If he does not, the sooner he comes forward to repudiate the hanging which I call attention to the better. For the French artists are coming over, and Mr. Prange will have a nice account to render to them. What will M. Besnard say when he finds his masterpiece skied? What will Degas say when, after a diligent search, he fails to find his picture? What will Raffaelle say when he sees his picture in a dark recess? What will Weldon Hawkins say when he finds his pictures, one hung on a screen and the other two in corners of an adjoining room? What will Rops say? What will Zorn say?

By extraordinary industry and perseverance, Mr. Prange has brought together such a collection of modern art as has never been seen before in London. He has been all over the Continent, and notwithstanding the terrible competition of the Chicago Exhibition, has secured the best of everything. It is, therefore, much to be regretted that he fell into such unscrupulous hands, for the existence of his gallery depends on those foreign artists which his hanging committee has deliberately insulted. A very great wrong has been done, and the sooner it is rectified the better. It cannot be hushed up. Through one source or another the Continental artists would hear how they have been sacrificed; they will not send again, and, cut off from foreign art, the Grafton will hardly be able to hold its own. I want the Grafton to succeed; so my advice to Mr. Prange is to take the bull by the horns, apologise for his hanging committee, close his gallery for three days, and re-hang the pictures. The treasures he has collected with so much labour are scattered and hidden away; they should be picked out, and properly hung in the central room. They are numerous enough to make that room a wonder and a delight, and Mr. Prange will be able to show his face again on the Continent.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"THE STRIKE AT ARLINGFORD."

THE circumstances in which Mr. George Moore's play, *The Strike at Arlingford*, was produced at the Independent Theatre—both the antecedent circumstances and those, as Captain Tom Robinson would say, "on the night"—were singularly unfortunate. For months beforehand there had been a vast amount of shabby gossip and flashy "interviewing" over it, and even the sporting newspapers had interpolated jocular paragraphs about it between their stock allusions to Jupiter Pluvius and to something being a moral at 5st. 7. To find a piece of literature—for Mr. George Moore's play is undoubtedly a piece of literature—amid these vulgar surroundings strikes one with a painful sense of incongruity. Of course, the thing was not to be helped. If Mr. George R. Sims chose to stake a hundred pounds to nothing against the production of an original "unconventional" English play by one of the Independent Theatre people, there was nothing to prevent him. Nor will I presume to question Mr. Moore's wisdom in allowing the keen Irish sportsman within him to take up the Saxon's challenge. *Donnybrook oblige.* Still, I cannot help wishing that the play had been produced in the normal way, without preliminary fuss, and in response to no challenge save that of the author's own dæmon or artistic conscience. The critics would not then have had the excuse, which they have now eagerly seized, of neglecting the really important question whether the play is good or bad, interesting

or uninteresting, for the discussion of its "conventionality" or "unconventionality," and, generally, of the extent to which the conditions of the "wager" or "match" or "handicap" (or whatever the wretched sporting term may be) have been carried out.

Equally unfortunate, in a very different way, were the actual circumstances of the performance. To say, in the stereotyped phrase, that the interpretation was inadequate, would be a ludicrous understatement of the case. So far as Mr. Bernard Gould, its hero, and Miss Florence West, its heroine, were concerned, the play was not interpreted at all. You had to guess at the author's intention; and either to supplement what was being said and done on the stage "out of your own head," or else to cancel it altogether. It reminded one of the usual French exercise in the school-examination papers: "Correct the errors in the following passage." For my part, I soon gave up mentally correcting Mr. Bernard Gould's errors in despair. Mr. Gould is a man of brilliant ability, a thinker, a student, and (as *Punch* readers know) a delightful artist. "Instead of which," he *will* act; and on the stage his intellectual power and critical discernment avail him not at all. What is wanted there is the power, not of perceiving, but of presenting. I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Gould understands the character of Mr. Moore's hero, the labour leader, John Reid, much more clearly and vividly than I, for instance, do; but the fact remains that he cannot present the character, enter into the skin of it, give it solid form behind the footlights. A bleating baritone from the Italian Opera, with no two ideas in his head, would have made a better John Reid than the intellectual Mr. Gould. For what John wants is passion—passion thick and slab, passion laid on with a trowel. It is passionate—frenzied—love for a woman which is John's undoing. He is whirled away in its torrent, whirled away to dishonour and death. Years ago he had given his boy's heart to the Lady Anne, his employer's daughter, who toyed with it for a time and then flung it away. She married a rich mine-owning peer, and became a widow, while he drifted into Socialism. When the play opens, we find him called in to head a strike of Lady Anne's miners. The lady stands firm, offering to show the leader her books, as proof that to concede the men's demand would mean running the mine at a loss. But it is not only in the poet's rhyme that books are associated with women's looks. John, in going over the books with the seductive Lady Anne, has found his old love for her revive—and gradually falls an easy victim to her wiles. She herself becomes entangled in the game, and returns John's professions of love with something like sincerity. Behold the man, then, submerged under the tide of passion. He abandons the men and the labour cause, he deserts his own true sweetheart, Ellen Sands, a Socialist priestess (with a touch of the Fury)—only to be in his turn deserted by the Lady Anne for a German Jew millionaire. Whereupon John, finding himself in an *impasse*, reduced, as he says, to "moral bankruptcy," takes a cup of cold p'ison. Now it is obvious that it is the business of the actor who plays John to make him a picturesque, romantic, and, above all, passionate figure. To be tame, sensible, coldly ratiocinative, and a mere laggard in love, won't do at all: and that is why Mr. Bernard Gould was not John Reid. Nor was Miss West the Lady Anne, who, I take it, should be a full-blooded woman, with some obvious potency of seduction. Miss West made her anæmic, and of the type called over the water an *ennuyée*. Mr. Charles Fulton's sketch of the curled and oiled financier was excellent in its way: so, too, was the Socialist lass of Miss Elsie Chester. A good deal of amusement was caused by Mr. Charles Rock as an irrepressible interviewer; but, to my mind, the caricature had been so overcharged by the author as to verge upon farce.

Had the play been competently acted by all concerned, it would, I conjecture, have been of sustained, instead of—as actually was the case—only intermittent interest. The scene of the wavering strikers, and of John Reid's interposition to make them stand to their guns, is highly dramatic; so is John's entry in the last act, when, fleeing, bruised and bleeding, his clothes in tatters, from the angry mob, he suddenly comes upon proof that the woman for whom he has undergone all this has betrayed him. His logical analysis of his own case before he swallows the strychnine is, I think (quite apart from the actor's excess in that direction), too matter-of-fact. In the great crises of life and death, people surely do not fall to arguing in compact and trim syllogisms? Another weakness is the absence of struggle in the seduction business between John's conscience and his passion. He falls too easy a prey. I wanted a strong *scène-à-faire* at that juncture (though Mr. Moore will tell me that the *scène-à-faire* is an exploded Sarceian "convention"), instead of the not very first-rate padding of the "interview" between financier and journalist. The dialogue is generally true to life, though one or two little word-pictures—*e.g.*, of the wet autumn day when John was first rejected by the Lady Anne, and of his starving in London—struck me as too obviously fragments of Impressionist Essays, signed "G. M."—delightful things in their right place, as readers of this review need not be told, but not perhaps in their right place on the stage.

A. B. W.

FRACTIONAL HUMANITY.

MANKIND in its heavy fashion has chosen to mock the tailor with the fact—the indubitable fact—that he is but the ninth part of a man. Yet, after all, at this time of day, it seems more of a compliment than a gibe. To be a whole ninth of a man! Few of us, when we ponder it, can boast so much. Take, for instance, that other proverbial case of the fractional-part-of-a-pin-maker. It takes nine persons to make a pin, we were taught in our catechism. Actually that means it takes nine persons to make one whole pin-maker, which leaves the question still to solve as to how many whole pin-makers it takes to make a man. What is the relation of one pin-maker to the whole social economy? That discovered, a multiplication by nine will give us the exact fractional part of manhood which belongs to the ninth-of-a-pinmaker. Obviously he is a much more microscopic creature than the immemorially despised tailor, and, alas! his case is nearest that of most of us. And it is curious to notice how we rejoice in, rather than lament, this inevitable result of that great law of differentiation, which one may figure as a terrible machine which is hour after hour chopping up mankind into more and more infinitesimal fragments. We feel a pride in being spoken of as "specialists"—and yet what is a specialist? The nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth part of a man. Call me not an entomologist, call me a lepidopterist, if you will—though, really, that is too broad a term for a man who is not so taken up with moths generally as with the third ring of the antennæ of the great oak-egger.

If one is troubled with a gift for symbolism, it is hard to treat any man one meets as though he were really a whole man; to treat a lawyer as though he were anything but a deed of assignment, or a surgeon as if he were anything more than an operation. As the metropolitan trains load and unload in a morning, what does one see? Gross upon gross of steel pens, a few quills, whole carriage-fulls of bricklayers' trowels, and how strange it seems to watch all the bank-books sorting themselves out from the motley, and arranging themselves in the first classes, just as we see them on the shelf in the bank. It is a curious sight. The little shop-girl there, what is she but a roll of pink ribbon?—nay, she is but half-a-yard. And the poor infinitesimal porters and guards, how pathetically small seems their share in the great

monosyllable Man, animalcules in that great social system which, again, is but an animalcule in the blood of Time. Still more infinitesimal seems the man who is a subdivision not of a form of work even, but merely of a form of taste; the man who collects foreign stamps, say, or book-plates, or arrow-heads, the connoisseur of a tiny section of one of the lesser schools of Italian painting, the coral-insect, who has devoted his life to a participle, first-edition men, and all those various book-worms who, without impropriety be it spoken, are the maggots that breed in the dung of the great. A certain friend of mine always appears to me in the similitude of a first edition of one of Mr. Hardy's novels. I have the greatest difficulty at times to prevent myself forcibly setting him upon my shelf to complete my set; for, oddly enough, he is the one bit of Hardyana I lack. In which confession I let the reader into the secret of my own petty limitations. To have one's horizon bounded by a book-plate, to have no hope, no wish in life, beyond a first edition! The workers, however sectional, have some place in the text of the great book of life, but such mere testers and tasters of existence have such a place even in the gloss, though it be printed in the most microscopic diamond! And every moment, as we said, we are being turned out smaller and smaller from the mill of Time. You ask your little boy what he would like to be when he grows up. To your consternation he answers, "A man!" You hide your face; you cannot tell him how impossible it is now to be that. Poor little chap! He is born centuries too late for that. You cannot promise even that he shall be a tailor, for by the time he is old enough to be apprenticed how do you know how that ancient profession may be divided up? May you not have to sadly tell him: "My poor boy, it is impossible to make you that; for there are no longer any whole-tailors. You may, if you like, be a thread-waxer or a needle-threader; you may be one of the thirty men it takes to make a button-hole, but a complete tailor —alas! it is impossible."

Who will save us from this remorseless law of eternal subdivision? To make one complete man out of all this vast collection of snips and snippets of humanity? To piece all the trades, professions, and fads together, like a puzzle, till one saw the honest face of a genuine man round and whole once more? To take these dry bones of the Valley of Commerce, and powerfully breathe into them the unifying breath of life, that once more they stand up, not as fractional bones of the wrist or the ankle of manhood, but mighty, full-blooded men as of old? Ah! we must wait for a new creation for that.

The mystics have a suggestive fancy that all our vastly complex life once existed as a vast peaceful unit in the mind of God. But as God brooding in the abyss, meditated upon Himself, various thoughts separated themselves and revolved within the atmosphere of His mind, at first unconscious of themselves or each other. But presently, desire of separate existence awoke in these shadowy things, a lust of corporeality grew upon them, and hence at last the fall into physical life, the realisation in concrete form of their diaphanous individualities. And that original cause of man's separation from deity, this desire of subdivision, how it has gone on operating, more and more! We call it differentiation, but the mystic would describe it as dividing ourselves more and more from God, the primeval unity in which alone is blessedness. Blake in one of his prophetic books sings man's "fall into Division and his resurrection into Unity." And when we look about us and consider but the common use of words, how do we find the mystic's apparently wild fancy illustrated in every section of our commonplace lives. What do we mean when we speak of "division" of interests, "division" of families, when we say that "union" is strength, or how good it is to dwell together in "unity," or speak of lives "made one"? Are we not unwittingly expressing the unconscious yearning of the fractions to merge once more into the sweet kinship of the unit, of the ninths of the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninths of humanity to merge their differences into the mighty generalisation Man, of man to merge his finite existence in the mysterious infinite, the undivided, indivisible one, to "be made one," as theology phrases it, "with God"? How the complex life of our time longs to return to its first happy state of simplicity we feel on every hand. What is Socialism but a vast throb of man's desire after unity? We are overbred. The simple old type of manhood is long since lost in endless orchidaceous variation. O, to be simple shepherds, simple sailors, simple delvers of the soil, to be something complete on our own account, to be relative to nothing save God and His stars!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON THE REFORM OF TAXATION.

SIR, — In briefly concluding these suggestions, I come, thirdly, to the SUCCESSION DUTIES.

There is no probate duty on successions to real estate and no legacy duty, but in their places is a succession duty equal to one and a half per cent. more than that for legacies. As probate duty is three per cent., it follows that real estate is taxed one and a half per cent. less than personal. But is there any valid reason why all estate should not be called upon to pay the same duty in all cases? It is hard to discover one.

Succession duty was in 1890-1 paid on a valuation (estimated on life-interest) of estates to the value of fifty millions. By increasing the duty to rates equivalent to the probate and legacy duties added together, we at once gain £750,000 towards the suggested deficit. Where shall we turn to now for the remaining £210,000?

There is one description of successions which has hitherto escaped duty—that of the falling-in of leases to the ground landlord. It would not be equitable to abolish leases, for the falling-in to the ground landlord of the property at the expiration of the lease has been one of the elements of the original contract, and the length of lease unexpired has always been one of the considerations weighed at each transfer of the property. But the falling-in, or death, of the lease is as much a matter of succession as that to the life-interest of a real estate or to property on the death of an individual, and should also be taxed. Let us form a very modest estimate of the amount so taxable:—

According to Mr. Giffen, the rental value of house property, as taxed in 1885 for income, was	£128,500,000
Deduct a liberal allowance for freehold houses—say, one-sixth	21,500,000
	107,000,000
Deduct, say, one-fifth for ground rents	21,400,000
	85,600,000
And, as the houses would be old, allow 15 per cent. instead of 10, for repairs	12,840,000
	£72,760,000

Assuming that each lease would fall in on an average of eighty years (many new leases are now for a much shorter period), the estimate would be that house property to the average nett annual value of £909,500 is falling in each year to the ground landlord. This, at sixteen years' purchase, would give us a value for taxation each year of rather over fifteen millions, and a thirteen per cent. duty (same as probate and legacy duties combined on legacies to strangers in blood) would yield £2,000,000 per annum.

There is now a surplus of £1,800,000 per annum—ample margin for fluctuations in the falling-in of both classes of succession, for provision for the minor changes suggested and on which no estimate is made, for abolishing minor excise duties which cannot pay the cost of collection, and for the relief of taxation.

But, having put real estate on the same basis as personal as regards succession and legacy duties, it is to be argued that real estate should be relieved of the land tax. I will treat with this later.

Fourthly, some general modifications in the laws relating to INCOME AND PROPERTY.

In connection with any important changes such as the above, there are many simplifications and modifications relating to income which could well be introduced.

(*a*) Executors and trustees are often in doubt as to how to deal with the bonuses from time to time paid by public companies, the law differing according to the circumstances under

which each particular bonus is given. It is certain that investors themselves treat them as income, and executors, etc., should be authorised so to deal with them, except when such bonuses may be specifically distributed as returns of capital.

(*b*) Public and corporate bodies holding freehold land should from time to time pay a succession duty—say, every thirty years—charities, even when taking payment from patients in part cost of maintenance, remaining exempt.

(*c*) Duties on stock and shares should be taken on the selling value (less brokerage) on the day of death, not waiting, as at present, to pay surcharges or claim abatements after realisation. Leasehold property, furniture, etc., to be valued, as on day of death, by a licensed valuer; and goodwills, and other property of an undeterminable value, to pay on the amount realised when realised.

(*d*) Settlements on landed estates, when same shall become operative, should be liable to deduction or increase in proportion to their amount when made as compared with the then value of the estate. Thus a settlement of £1,000 per annum on an estate of the annual value of £10,000 should be deemed to be a settlement of one-tenth of the income at any time. The amount so arrived at could be subject to periodical revision—say, every five years—by two chartered accountants or their umpire, the cost to be divided amongst the parties to the case.

(*e*) In the event of the revoking of a probate, trustees or executors (having acted in good faith) should be relieved from personal responsibilities arising out of the revocation, but not from doing their utmost to recover the estate from those to whom they may have distributed it; or the cost of insuring them against any loss under this head might be allowed as a charge against the estate.

Fifthly, as to the LAND TAX.

This tax was in 1798 made perpetual, at the rate of four shillings in the pound; but many inequalities and injustices then existed in consequence of its being assessed on a land valuation made so far back as 1698. Provision was made that the tax on any particular holding might be redeemed on payment of amount sufficient, when invested in Consols at the market price of the day, to yield an income equivalent to the tax then paid. The tax being a fixed amount on each parish or district, divided amongst the holdings *pro rata* to their assessment for rates, it became, whenever improvements were contemplated, a good investment to redeem the existing charge on the old property—thus, apart from the question of natural alterations of value (for instance, the conversion of arable into building land), increasing the original inequalities of distribution. The tax at first yielded about £1,500,000; now it yields about a million, and it follows therefore that about £500,000 of it has been redeemed.

In abolishing the present tax it would be necessary to repay, or create Consols to yield, the present owners of the redemption certificates a sum equivalent to this half-million. (It is not generally known that the amount of the tax redeemed becomes a perpetual charge upon the land, and that a leaseholder redeeming has, at the end of his lease, an annual charge equivalent to the amount of the tax he redeemed.)

What should take the place of the land tax? Houses, or their occupiers, now pay all the communal rates; but the land contributes nothing. Turning again to Giffen's "Growth of Capital," we find that in 1885 land was valued for income-tax purposes at sixty-five millions, and, allowing for depreciations in values, we will now take it at sixty millions. Half the original tax—namely, two shillings in the pound—would yield, if assessed on the same basis, an income of six millions. Deduct from this the amount of the land tax, and a further half-million as a sinking fund to repay the Consols created, and there remains £4,000,000 yearly for the reduction of local taxation.

Inasmuch as the parish taxes rarely average less than five shillings in the pound each year, it will be seen that the new tax proposed would be three-fifths less than the assessment on houses; and, notwithstanding anything contained in leases to the contrary, the tax should be borne by only the beneficial owners of the land.

W. J. W.

"THE FOE WITHIN THE GATES."

SIR,—As a humble observer of the labour movement and its present antagonism to Liberalism in this centre of one of the great industries of the North of England, permit me to protest most strongly against the tone of several of the communications of your correspondents, and of the article in THE SPEAKER of February 11th.

One can have but a very superficial and totally false knowledge of the personalities or ideals of the leaders of the Labour party to brand its teachings as selfish, in the ordinary sense of the word. Your correspondent, "A Lancashire Radical," may have, as you say, a large experience of political organisation; but his endorsement of your idea of the gospel of selfishness proves him to be utterly unable to comprehend or cope with the situation now forced upon Liberalism, and I venture to say that the action of such experienced political organisers as he is largely responsible for the estrangement between Liberal sections. "Politics are being degraded," he says, "by the introduction of questions of five per cent. advance or reduction of wages, and this degradation is being fostered by the unwholesome teaching of certain Sunday papers." There are differences of opinion as to what is degrading and unwholesome; but I, in agreement with "A Lancashire Progressive," fail to find either of those epithets applicable to the teachings of the North of England Sunday Press. We must judge from its effect on its reading public—viz., the workpeople. Do we find in the great struggle now going on in the cotton trade, or in any of the minor labour agitations or disputes, the element of degradation predominant or increasing? There is much difference between the point of view of the experienced organiser and the sadly-experienced organised. Politics to the one may be an exciting game, in which the desideratum is to score points, into which such questions as five per cent. advance or reduction of wages come as disturbing elements, and, consequently, dubbed degrading; to the other they are the means of carrying out the cardinal principles of the great teachers of Brotherhood and Humanity, from Christ downwards, and in this connection advance or reduction of wages is at present very much to the point. Is the question of Home Rule degraded when Michael Davitt points out to the agricultural labourers and the workpeople of England that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland is a Labour question—*i.e.*, at present a question of advance or reduction of wages?

I do not for a moment attempt to defend all the tactics of the Labour party, and fully realise the harm that may be done to the cause of Reform if many of them are persevered in; but I venture to say that the spirit in which the subject is approached by "A Lancashire Progressive" and, to a certain extent, in your article in last week's SPEAKER, is much more likely to bring a proper understanding into the consideration of the exigencies of the situation than that of "A Lancashire Radical."—Yours truly,

Wigan, February 28th, 1893. A WIGAN COLLIER.

[WE may safely leave our readers to contrast the "spirit" of our last week's article with that shown by our correspondent. —ED. SPEAKER.]

"I WANT T'KNOW."

DEAR SIR,—In writing of Ibsen's *The Master Builder* your correspondent "A. B. W." expresses his desire for information on various points by the use of an expression which he says he has learned from Miss Mary Wilkins' New England stories. Hoping to find your correspondent still in the frame of mind of "wanting to know," I venture to tell him that the expression "I want t'know" has not the meaning which he quite naturally gives it, but is an expression of surprise equivalent to the expression "You don't say so." If "A. B. W." will refer to Miss Wilkins' stories in this connection he will find the phrase in question less inconsequent.—Yours truly,

Manchester. H. B. W.

INVOCATION.

WHERE thy white spire cleaves the smoke
By the river-side,
Since the days when Samuel spoke,
Or Ben Jonson cracked his joke,
Glad hearts leapt and sad ones broke,
Sweet St. Bride!

Other shrines may fairer rise
Under heaven wide;
But 'neath London's murky skies,
Black with labour, strife, and lies,
Sits my saint whom men despise—
Sweet St. Bride!

How she came here, who can tell?
I have never tried.—
When, above the surge and swell
Ringeth forth her vesper-bell,
One there is who loves it well—
Sweet St. Bride!

Sharp and shrill, or sad and slow,
Calling 'cross the tide,
Still in joy, or wrath, or woe,
Or in mellow laughter low,
Speaketh she to those who know—
Sweet St. Bride!

By that voice she calls her own,
Wheresoe'er they bide—
They who, gathered round her throne,
Write the words by four winds blown,
Wherever English speech is known—
Sweet St. Bride!

Brawling, blundering, clamorous crew,
'Cannot be denied;
Ink-stained hands and trodden shoe,
Coat-sleeves worn at elbows through—
Yet they'll fight as brave men do,
Sweet St. Bride!

Not by sword or shot or knife
Only, men have died:
If one drops in this thy strife,
Kiss his lips, unkissed in life—
More than sister, love, or wife,
Sweet St. Bride!

A. WERNER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

SEA STORIES.

WE are to have the Union Jack unfurled in our Board Schools, it seems; and if the spirit of this innovation be understood and delicately used, Lord Meath will deserve the thanks of his countrymen. His desire, unless I err, is that British boys, by contemplation of that noble flag, as the Athenians, by contemplation of their public buildings, shall let its greatness sink into their souls until they reverence it as a habit and are ready on occasion to die for it. This is a high purpose; but let us be discreet in carrying it out. When all is said and done, an Union Jack draped above an usher's head is not, and should not be, the same thing as an Union Jack floating at the main over an Admiral of the Fleet. If you put this flag as a weapon into the pedagogue's hand, if you allow the average youngster—"the small, apple-eating urchin whom we know"—to associate it in thought with the black-board and the copybook, and those hours of restraint which his ingenuous spirit loathes, you will be robbing the blue ground and red-and-white crosses of their glamour and defeating the very object that you set out to further. You will be curing him of his desire to run away to sea, and as the boatman says in Mr. Clark Russell's story of "That There Little Tommy"—"Cure him! and who wanted to? It'll be good-night to Britannia as is the pride of the hocean when *that's* to be done, sir."

The cheap edition of Mr. Clark Russell's sea-books (Chatto & Windus), now lying on my table, prompts me to suggest that a shelf-full of his writings and of those authors whose traditions he inherits and has improved—of Marryat, Dana, Michael Scott, Herman Melville—would probably provide the Navy with more recruits than all the flags in all the Board Schools in the kingdom. Boys will trust a novelist: they know, without putting it into a general proposition, that his art, as Aristotle would say, aims at pleasure of a certain kind: in all but a few cases—where their subsequent indignation is the fiercer for a confidence belied—their faith that the writing-chap wants to tell them a straightforward story, "without sneaking in any beastly instruction," is justified. But the spectacle of their usual schoolteacher flourishing the meteor flag of England in an access of factitious patriotism would strike them as comic, or dishonest, or both. They would scent a trap. *Timent Danaos et* behaving picturesquely. Of course their suspicions may be overcome by tact and address. All I urge is that patriotism and the civic virtues cannot be taught by the same crude methods as the three R's.

Many of us, I suppose, can remember reading Marryat and his immediate followers, and longing to run off to sea. There can be no doubt that these novelists have actually sent hundreds of boys to sea. But how on earth they managed it must be an abiding wonder to any man who takes up their books and reads them again in later life. I defy anybody to say that Marryat paints a midshipman's surroundings in tints of rose. Would any boy (we ask) in his senses be allured by Melville's greasy whaler or Clark Russell's many descriptions of life and diet aboard a merchantman? Moreover, if we take the earlier novelists, at any rate, we find their portraits of the old sea-dog to be the most brutal caricatures. Go round the galleries of England and inspect the countless portraits of our admirals, and you will be confronted with the faces of gentlemen. Let me quote Mr. Russell himself—

"Lord Nelson's face is full of refinement. . . . Drake has a sweet, noble, cultivated, and commanding face. There is, perhaps, something heavy and phlegmatic along with the Judaic twist of lineaments in the countenance of Lord St. Vincent; but the brave, resolved, English countenance falls very far short indeed of such idealisms as Smollett and other sea novelists have inspired. In Duncan's large, eager, intellectual eyes and cast of face, that reminds one of Dean Swift's, there is no hint of pipes or hatchway. Admiral Barrington looks like a judge in Copley's picture. Sir Sidney Smith has an almost effeminate delicacy of features. Northcote's Lord Graves has chins enough to furnish an alderman; but the inspirations of the rum puncheon may be sought for in vain in this honourable, sturdy old visage. The face of Saumarez is full of refinement and breeding. Sir Roger Curtis completely answers to Hazlitt's definition of a gentleman. Boscawen, in Reynolds' picture, looks at you with noble eyes. . . ."

And so on, and so on. The pictures of Smollett and Co., when not too bitterly true, are the grossest lampoons. They might amuse, but how could they possibly attract?

Then take the sentiment. All sea novelists have a plenty of it, and Mr. Clark Russell's is very manly and taking, as most readers of "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*" or "A Sailor's Sweetheart" will testify. But I am bound to confess that Marryat's—when it does not run to patriotism—seems but second-hand stuff: and as for Smollett—well, some people may still believe Smollett to have been a great novelist, but for me his books combine the odours of a stale market-ordinary and a second-hand clothes shop. When you have narrative, it is market-ordinary; when he gives you sentiment, you get the scent of second-hand clothes. Many a man who can read "Tom Jones" and arise from it refreshed and invigorated, will need a bath after twenty pages of "Roderick Random." I know nothing more nicely calculated to provoke nausea than the page wherein its hero—the meanest cad that ever stalked in print—"following the first dictates of my passion," indites a letter to Narcissa—

"DEAR MADAM,—Were it possible for the powers of utterance to reveal the soft emotions of my soul, the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, the chilling fears, that rule my breast by turns, I should need no other witness than this paper to evince the purity and ardour of that flame your charms have kindled in my heart. But alas! expression wrongs my love! I am inspired with conceptions that no language can convey! Your beauty fills me with wonder, your understanding with ravishment, and your goodness with adoration. I am transported with desire, distracted with doubts, and tortured with impatience. Suffer me then, lovely arbitress of my fate, to approach you in person, to breathe in soft murmurs my passion to your ear, to offer the sacrifice of a heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested love, to gaze with ecstasy on the divine object of my wishes, to hear the music of her enchanting tongue, and to rejoice in her smiles of approbation, which will banish the most intolerable suspense from the bosom of—Your enraptured R. R."

Does not this ring true? Does it not obviously follow "the first dictates of my passion"? Often as I have maintained in these columns that art does not advance, I feel inclined to surrender at discretion after comparing Mr. Clark Russell's tales with such work as Smollett's or Jerrold's.

The modern naval officer, who continues the traditions of "the finest race of gentlemen that this country has ever produced," is full of sentiment. But the sea breeds sentiment. "One thing I noticed," writes Mr. Clark Russell in his "Voyage to the Cape": "the pride of fathers and husbands in the children and wives they left behind them. A man would come up to you and break off in his chat to put his hand in his pocket and produce a little packet of photographs—his wife and his children, and particularly the baby—and though there might be nothing remarkable to admire in the little fat

object, the sight of whose portrait put a kind of wistfulness into the father's eyes as he glanced at it a moment before returning it to his pocket, yet the tenderness of the thing touched and pleased you. It would take a long time to bring a man into this state of communicativeness on shore."

One of the prettiest vignettes in our Naval history is that of Admirals Pigot and Hughes, afloat on the broad Atlantic, sitting and singing sentimental ballads with the boy Incledon, till the tears ran down their cheeks. The boy Incledon, of course, became the famous singer whose voice Colonel Newcome praised—as well he might, for it made Mrs. Siddons sob like a child. Incledon was one of those boys—like Admiral Hopson or "That There Little Tommy"—who took to the sea without persuasion. The first time he ran off towards Plymouth—his property tied up in a blue-and-white handkerchief—he was overtaken and dragged back to school; the second time he ran off and sailed away on board the *Formidable*, Captain Cleland, to the West Indies, where on the 12th of April, 1782, he bore a hand in the great fight between Rodney and de Grasse. His later career was not altogether reputable, but to one whose own obstinate instincts led him into that glorious action almost anything may be forgiven by us who, but for that action, might now be citizens of a third-rate state. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH POLITICIANS.

PROFILS ANGLAIS. Randolph Churchill—Joseph Chamberlain—John Morley—Parnell. Par A. Filon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

"THE star of Lord Randolph Churchill has paled during these last few years. He does not possess those administrative and strategic talents, that obstinate fixity of ideas, which characterise Mr. Balfour. But with a sort of natural genius, he has the intuition of the needs of his time. He believes what he says, and he makes people believe him. His democracy is not an artifice, an expedient, but a principle, a conviction—better still, it is his very nature. I should not be surprised to see him obtain again the foremost place now that his party is in opposition." These words, written by a French observer in a preface dated last December, are sufficiently remarkable in view of the re-effulgence of Lord Randolph's star which would seem to have set in since he began to take a part in the present debates. We have all seen what has happened; (not to refer too closely here to the piping-hot politics of the moment) we have seen Mr. Balfour prove a disappointment to those who expected from him as spirited and capable a leadership when operating from the wrong side of the House as he gave from the Treasury Bench; we have seen the Opposition grow chilled and dispirited; and we have seen Lord Randolph Churchill come down, like Achilles from beside the ships, and with two electrifying speeches put heart into them again. M. Filon's prophecy, in fact, seems in a fair way of being fulfilled. People are remembering that Lord Randolph's genius has shone most conspicuously in opposition, and his party are beginning to look to him as once again the hope of their sombre hours. It is creditable to M. Filon's perspicacity that he should have foreseen something like this. The little ratification, coming so promptly, will lend a sort of prestige to his opinions and will add to the piquancy which we generally find in the intelligent foreigner's impression of our affairs. M. Filon is, in truth, a very intelligent foreigner, and stands in no need of such adventitious prestige. His perspicacity, his insight, his balanced and instructed judgment, are evident all through his book: these and a minute and thorough acquaintance with his facts. We do not agree with all he says, with quite all his conclusions and speculations; but it is a pleasure to come upon a study of our politics so luminous and suggestive, upon pages so *spirituelles* (to use the expressive phrase of his own language) concerning subjects which we are not too much given to regarding from a *spirituelle* standpoint ourselves. How stupid is the sweeping assertion so often made that French writers take no interest in foreign affairs. Where are the studies of English writers on contemporary French affairs (if we except Mr. Oscar Browning's "Modern France") comparable with such essays as this, or M. Philippe Daryl's "Vie Publique en Angleterre," not to speak of what M. Hervé, M. de Pressensé, and M. Taine have given us from time to time?

If we would believe M. Filon, the three men who are destined to exert most influence upon English politics in the future are Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. John Morley. He selects these three for consideration on this account. He also adds a sympathetic study of Mr. Parnell, although he is dead, as one of the great formative political influences of the period. Of them all he has, in the main, a pretty sound idea (as we judge it), except of Mr. Chamberlain, in whose genius as "a born legislator and constructor of societies" he has a belief which we cannot share. Lord Randolph he appreciates with greater discrimination, though one is hardly prepared for the view of the member for Paddington which presents him as the representative, *par excellence*, of the Christian idea amongst the politicians with whom he is contrasted. "Mr. Chamberlain believes in human reason and progress, Lord Randolph Churchill is a Christian firm and declared." It is a notion with which M. Filon appears to have been impressed from Lord Randolph's first distinguishing part in connection with the Bradlaugh controversy. His analysis of Lord Randolph's oratorical style is excellent:—

> Lord Randolph's true strength lies in sarcasm; it also lies in the gift of realising abstractions, of rendering ideas visible and palpable, of lighting up objects by comparisons which rather impose themselves upon him than wait till he goes in search of them. A poet's brain could not beget them with greater abundance or fury. The Whigs are 'shooting stars,' the Radicals are 'clouds without water.' When he wants to make Russia's advance towards India understood, he sees her by turns bounding like a tiger or dragging herself along slowly and sinuously like a serpent creeping on its stomach. English domination in India is a thin sheet of oil on the surface which calms an immense and profound ocean of humanity, and keeps down its tempests. To describe an industrial crisis he has brutal and seizing images of an extraordinary relief, and his excited imagination 'sees monstrous,' and cannot find words strong enough to express its magnifying vision of things: whence the exaggerations of language with which Lord Randolph is so bitterly reproached, and which give the notion of a sort of oratorical delirium. The Ministers—'these cowards, these traitors, these inept and dishonest creatures, who call themselves Her Majesty's Ministers'—what are they? A band of vagabonds, a menagerie of strange and mischievous beasts. Lord Ripon has the stupidity of the ostrich, Lord Derby is the political rat who abandons Cabinets when they are about to fall. Mr. Gladstone, 'the baneful lunatic,' the 'Moloch of Midlothian,' literally wades through blood, his hands dripping and streaming with English blood. . . . All this is but moderately Parliamentary, but it is absolutely Shakesperian; it is thus they debate in *Coriolanus* and *Richard III.*"

For Lord Randolph's unamenability to party discipline M. Filon has an indulgent explanation. Our fathers used to tell us, and we repeat it to our children, that one must know how to obey in order to learn how to command, but let us admit between adults that this maxim is lamentably false. "There are some men who seem made for the first rank, others for the second and third. Whoever obeys well will command badly. It is often by insubordination that temperaments born for authority announce their vocation." Lord Randolph's political variations and inconsistencies his French apologist admits are a more serious matter. Yet, in spite of these, "which belong to the play of human affairs, to the indefinite fluctuations of interests and their incessantly changing combinations," he maintains that the political character of Lord Randolph Churchill is "one of the clearest, one of the sanest, and one of the most

sincere of our time." "It is not in the means employed but in the end aimed at that one ought to look for the unity of a statesman. Everything tends with Lord Randolph to the creation of a Conservative Democracy. He said one day: 'Parliament may be wrong, the newspapers may be wrong, the Society of London and the Clubs may be wrong, and are wrong almost always; but the people can never be wrong. . . . If you want to move and arm the people for the defence of Conservative interests give them something to conserve.' That is the point the member for Paddington never loses sight of." Between the democratic faith of Lord Randolph and that of Mr. Chamberlain, M. Filon makes an interesting comparison. He attributes, indeed, to Mr. Chamberlain's influence the Liberal measures which Lord Salisbury's Government made some attempt to graft upon their programme; but the receptivity of the Tory party to Liberal principles, which rendered such a grafting possible, was due, he says, to Lord Randolph Churchill. "Twice already during this century has the Tory party renewed its strength and youth by these transfusions of principles. Salisbury only followed the example of Robert Peel and Beaconsfield. But to Lord Randolph Churchill belongs the honour—for it is one—of having prepared the way for this brilliant evolution."

The criticism of Mr. Morley is, on the whole, the deepest and most suggestive in the book. M. Filon passes in review the line of studies which Mr. Morley's philosophic temperament led him to pursue, and shows him emerging from Comtist utilitarianism to the less decorated creed which he has enunciated in "On Compromise." Mr. Morley's melancholy, which is of his nature, remains to him after these studies. He, "one of the first of his race" has felt "that perfume of death, that fine and delicate odour of autumnal decay, which characterises the endings of civilisations, and which some to-day relish to the point of intoxication." But this disposition did not lead Mr. Morley, as it has done so many writers, to a pessimistic indifference and stagnation. He had learned to reverence that idea of law whose dominion science has extended infinitely, the "great modern inspiration" that it is in the conscious participation in the play and march of the forces of nature the happiness of intelligences consists.

> "This world is but an immense rough sketch, a gigantic *pis aller*—granted. Every generation was none the less bound to make an attempt to better it. Human history, with its countless abortions, with the utterly profitless efforts, and the bungling energies of which it tells, is very far from having exhausted all the possibilities. What has been found is imperceptible beside what remains to be discovered; what has been done is nothing to what there is to do. Evolution is not a cause but a law—a law which will be accomplished without us and even in spite of us, but which will be accomplished better and sooner if we give it our spontaneous adhesion, our intelligent and enthusiastic support. Let us work, then, for this double task—to widen the field of knowledge and ameliorate the lot of man."

Such is the faith which Mr. Morley brings into the field of political action. To it he unites a loftiness of conduct which is destined to "raise political morality to a height it has not reached till now." He has manifested not the immutability of political programmes which is a stupidity, but fidelity to philosophic principles which is a virtue. "In him the politician has not yet given the lie to the historian and the critic. From the summits which he first ascended he will always preserve a ray which will illuminate his speeches and his books. He remains the type of the armed thinker, the militant stoic whom no sadness disgusts with action and no disappointment discourages from the good." If he does not become a great leader, he will remain a great moral force. But M. Filon believes a great future of action is reserved for him. "Mr. Gladstone will not die," he says, "because after him there will be another Gladstone in John Morley. It is the Irish question which has raised him to the front rank, but when this question is adjourned or solved he will not be able to return to the shade. I know that his severity and boldness are not to the taste of everybody. He flatters neither working-men nor patriots. He chose for repudiating the name of Socialist the moment when for all the statesmen of Europe Socialism was an affectation to trick themselves out in. . . . He is a man superior to politics, superior even to his ambition. . . . Mr. Morley's adversaries affect to despise him. Perhaps they are wrong. At any rate, there he is, the pupil of the old woodcutter of Hawarden, penetrating the secular forest of abuses and prejudices, and brandishing the axe of his master. . . . If the Newcastle Programme be executed, John Morley will have set the seal to the great reform, the democratisation of England; he will have been its final workman, and will attach to it his name." These are interesting views, and they do not by any means illustrate all the variety of aspects in which English politics are regarded in this brilliant and thoughtful book.

THE LEPERS OF SIBERIA.

On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers By Kate Marsden. London: The Record Press, Limited.

It is to be regretted that a book like this, the importance of whose subject demands a certain degree of sobriety and moderation, should savour of a certain kind of sensation journalism, in its title and tone, and the way in which it is heralded—to say nothing of the somewhat fulsome dedication. To speak frankly—interesting as the book is throughout—we have found the tone of it repellent. There is a continual insistence on the author's motives in making the long and arduous journey described, which, we should have thought, would have seemed superfluous, or never occurred to an enthusiast who had completely forgotten herself in her work. We do not wish to cast any doubt on the sincerity of the reflections which occur here and there in the narrative; but they remind us a little of certain famous passages in the Anabasis of the Emin Relief Expedition. But it is only fair to say that Miss Marsden, in her preface, states that the "literary" form of the book is due to collaboration—and perhaps these touches may have been added in the process, with a view of making it more acceptable to a certain section of the religious world. Apart from this, the narrative reads so easily and interestingly that, remembering the *longueurs*, the wearisome repetitions, and the accumulations of unimportant detail met with in some of the travel-books we have read, we are tempted to wish that more travellers were in the habit of securing the services of a *collaborateur* when their journeyings were done. After this, it may seem ungracious to complain of a certain want of precision; but after all, readableness need not imply vagueness. Very few dates are given—for instance, one of the most important, that of the author's start from Moscow, Feb. 1, 1891, is only mentioned quite casually towards the end of the book; and the chronological sequence of events in the introduction and first chapter is a little difficult to make out. It is also not, on the face of it, apparent why the letter from Prince Ivan Golitsyn (printed on p. vi. of introduction) should state that the bearer is "proceeding to India with the object of devoting herself wholly and entirely to the care of the lepers," when throughout the book there is no hint of such a destination. The Eastern journey of which Miss Marsden speaks (p. 6), in the course of the year 1890, apparently extended no farther than Jerusalem, and was professedly only a tour of investigation, before proceeding to Siberia to discover, if possible, the marvellous herb, of whose efficacy in cases of leprosy she had heard reports at Constantinople and Tiflis. By-the-bye, after learning (p. 92) that Miss Marsden received some specimens of this herb from the Bishop of Yakutsk, though "he could give no definite information as to its curative or alleviating properties," we hear no more of it. We are not even told whether Miss Marsden made any efforts to get it

identified—which surely could have been done from the specimens in the Bishop's possession—or even whether she made any inquiries about it after leaving Yakutsk.

Miss Marsden's route-map is a very inadequate one, being on an extremely small scale, and failing to give several names mentioned in the book. Either the minuteness of the scale, or the distortion caused by drawing so large a portion of two continents on Mercator's projection, has rendered it very misleading as regards the relative positions of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Astrakhan. Moreover, the route laid down upon it does not, so far as we can see, correspond with Miss Marsden's narrative. She speaks of going by rail from Moscow to Zlatoust, where her sledge journey began. According to the map, she went to Novgorod on leaving Moscow, thence to St. Petersburg, thence south-westward to Samara and on to Zlatoust (marked as *Statoust*)—no trifle of a *détour*. The hardships and sufferings of the sledge journey, and the subsequent ride from Yakutsk into the Viluisk district, are enough to appal the stoutest average tourist. When we find Miss Marsden, who had never ridden on horseback before (p. 236), doing something over 50 miles in a day—or at any rate without stopping to sleep—on an untrained horse with a clumsy wooden saddle, we are not surprised to hear that she suffered agonies from cramp and other troubles, and on one occasion had to be lifted to the ground and lay for some time unconscious. What the horse suffered we are not told; but the combination of unskilled rider and wooden pack-saddle can hardly have been good for him; also, it is not clear whether she continued to ride the same unlucky steed day after day. As there were thirty in the cavalcade (to sixteen persons) a change was, at any rate, possible—though the extra ones, being baggage-ponies, were probably quite as hard worked as the rest. In addition to the other inconveniences of this ride, there was one day an alarm of bears, to avert which peril the party united all their energies in making a hideous row, and, among other things, "we had tin boxes filled with stones in one hand, which we continually shook." The "we" would seem to include Miss Marsden herself—and the idea is picturesque—but according to her statements elsewhere, she must have had enough to do to hold the reins with both hands. We are not intimately acquainted with the habits of bears, but it is our impression that we have read of them as being solitary animals, or only disporting themselves abroad in family groups of four or five, or less. Yet "at one point some natives told us they had just seen eleven bears." In the narrative, "originally written in French," which appears in the appendix, this statement is a little more positive. "The Yakuts saw eleven bears *as we passed*." Another passage—which it would be unkind to say suggests Mr. Rider Haggard—offers good "points" to anyone wishing to write a weird story of adventure. It is that on pp. 136–137, describing the burning forest—or, rather, the forest burning underground. Probably it was a peat-moss or coal-mine—perhaps the famous one, said to have been burning for centuries and originally set on fire by lightning, which used to figure in the geography books—but Miss Marsden's explanation is not very clear. She says (p. 103), "Underneath the upper soil of these forests combustion goes on, *beginning in the winter*. The thaw of summer and the deluge of rain seem to have little effect upon the fire, for it still works its way unsubdued." *Apropos* of natural phenomena, there is one more to which we should like to call attention—the description of another night of horror, in the course of which the travellers were disturbed by "screeching owls and wild ducks, *eagles keeping the small birds in a state of terror*," etc. It is the first time we have heard of eagles hunting small birds by night.

Another point we cannot resist touching on is the enormous quantity of tea and sugar which Miss Marsden seems to have carried with her for distribution among convicts in the Siberian prisons. After mentioning four different distributions to unspecified numbers of individuals, she records that at Tomsk (p. 62) she gave away provisions to "over 2,000." Considering that all the baggage she carried with her appears to have been packed in the sledge, this is not easy to understand; and she so constantly dwells on the scantiness of her pecuniary means that, if she bought the stores on the spot, it seems scarcely less surprising.

It may be said that this dwelling on minor points is mere carping criticism; but the truth is that the book is a difficult one to write about. Its main issues are far too serious to be treated lightly. Even if only a tenth part of the horrors here related of the Viluisk *yourts* were true, there would be enough to make civilised Europe shudder, and to any effort at mitigating these horrors we would most sincerely wish God speed. The pity is that the account of them should come to us in a guise which involuntarily recalls the novel of adventure, and with gaps and inconsistencies which may have their explanation, but which, to carry on the figure, suggest rather the failure of invention in an unskilled novelist than the imperfection of a trustworthy record. We have already suggested that the book may have lost as well as gained in the hands of Miss Marsden's collaborator; it ought also to be taken into account that Miss Marsden, while on her journey, was frequently in no condition to take notes, and that the book seems to have been produced in great haste, and may not have had the advantage of her final corrections. Still, we cannot help thinking that, considering the importance of the subject, it ought to have had more care bestowed upon it. And we cannot help remembering that certain articles of Miss Marsden's on her New Zealand experiences, which read prettily enough in a London periodical, were sternly denounced by colonial editors as mere romance. We do not in the least mean to accuse Miss Marsden of deliberately and consciously substituting fiction for truth; but there are people whose imagination so colours the most ordinary incidents as—quite innocently and unintentionally—to invest truth with the semblance of fiction. This is a tendency which may be quite legitimately indulged in some kinds of writing, but in a book like the present it is manifestly out of place, and needs to be guarded against with the utmost care. However that may be, we are glad to see that the Yakutsk Provincial Committee have been investigating the sanitary conditions of their district, and that five nursing sisters from one of the Moscow institutions have actually left Yakutsk. We trust that this will be the beginning of better things.

OLD FRENCH LITERATURE.

SPECIMENS OF OLD FRENCH. (IX.-XV. Centuries.) By Paget Toynbee, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

THE present Master of Balliol, whose advice to his pupils—as all old "Balliol men" are aware—has invariably been summed up in the counsel "Get knowledge," should surely feel that he has found in Mr. Paget Toynbee an obedient and meritorious pupil. In the erudite and intelligently arranged volume we have before us, Mr. Toynbee gives evidence of much sound learning, much scholarly appreciation, expended on the literary period which he has explored and mastered. And this period—though, for us moderns, its interest is, for the most part, merely historical—was one of the most important in literary history. We study it little at present, but we cannot over-estimate its results. Dante in Italy, Chaucer in England, owed debts, incontestable and infinite, to the Troubadours of southern, to the Trouvères of northern, mediæval France. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that, throughout the period with which Mr. Toynbee deals, French feeling and French literature had an influence on Europe scarcely less than that which they exerted during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The breath from Italy

had only just begun to blow; the Hispano-Moorish impulse had become absorbed in the lyrics of the Langue d'Oc of Provence, as later in the plays of Corneille; the songs of South France and the epical legends of North France contributed equally to the development of the mediæval literature of Germany. Of the two languages which at this time strove for predominance between the Channel and the Pyrenees, the Langue d'Oil, the language of the north, overcame, as all students know, the Langue d'Oc, and, with considerable modifications, resolved itself into the tongue of modern France.

Into such questions of literary history Mr. Toynbee does not enter. His valuable introduction is almost entirely philological and grammatical; the ample glossary at the end of the volume is purely so. But in these pages he has enshrined for the literary antiquarian various precious selections from the masterpieces of the period of which he treats. In the bulky volume, printed with all the typographical beauty for which the Clarendon Press is celebrated, we have not detected any errors, apart from those noted in the abundant list of *errata*.

Mr. Toynbee's book can scarcely be expected to interest the great public. Some also, who may not consider themselves wholly of the great public, will perhaps ask: To what end attempt to resuscitate all these pallid literary spectres—spectres of people, estimable, and occasionally touched with genius, who, living in a twilight period of literary history, have had their day and ceased to be? To what end resuscitate them for a world already overcrowded with books, and having inevitable everyday interests quite divorced from literary archæology? But in all countries, not least in England, there is always a circle of persons who care for books and bookmen for their own sake. To this circle Mr. Toynbee's book appeals. Among this circle we may safely predict for it the "success" which Dr. Jowett, the president of the college of which Mr. Toynbee is a graduate, regards as the crown and the only adequate proof of any form of intelligence or industry.

STORIES FROM PERSIA.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS. Persian Tales. Edited by Justin Huntly McCarthy. With Frontispiece by Stanley L. Wood. 2 Vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

"HERE is a collection of excellent tales," as Mr. J. H. McCarthy truly observes in the vague and somewhat affected preface which he has prefixed to this reprint of Petis de la Croix's well-known Persian stories. The idea of the "Thousand and One Days" is similar to that of the Arabian Nights, of which they are obviously imitations: but instead of a king who is convinced of the unfaithfulness of woman, it is a princess of Cashmere who cannot believe in the fidelity of man. Her nurse undertakes to uproot her original distrust by a series of moving tales of masculine constancy, by which she beguiles the morning hours when the princess is engaged in her bath. The tales go on from day to day, just as the Arabian Nights go on from night to night; and in the end, of course, the princess discovers her ideal of faithful love, and is happy ever after. The stories are distinctly inferior to the Thousand and One Nights, but they have the *cachet* of the true Eastern fantasy, they are admirably improbable, and to those who can appreciate this kind of fiction (and we fear they are growing fewer) the Thousand and One Days should offer plenty of charming entertainment.

We wish we could say anything in praise of the manner in which they have been edited. "The type, the type *alone* is excellent." Mr. J. H. McCarthy, who acts as godfather to the present edition, disclaims all knowledge of the history of the tales, and has taken no pains to compare them with analogous stories in other languages, nor even to discover whether the Persian original exists, from which Petis de la Croix professed to translate them in 1710. The French translator "professed to get them from a dervish named Mocles, whom he knew when he was in Ispahan in 1675. Mocles had adapted them, it would seem, from certain Indian comedies. Of these Indian comedies it is said that a Turkish version exists in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, under the title of 'Al farady baad al chidda,' or 'Joy after Sorrow.' Mocles allowed Petis de la Croix, who seems to have stood high in his favour, to take a copy of the 'Hazar Yek Ruz,' and from this copy Petis de la Croix made his translation on his return to Paris. That is the statement. Whether it is accurate or not, whether the manuscript of the 'Hazar Yek Ruz' used by Petis de la Croix exists, whether the 'Hazar Yek Ruz' are still familiar studies in Ispahan and Bagdad, whether they are all truly Eastern tales, I leave it to others to argue over, and, if they can, to decide."

Surely there never was a more impotent conclusion. Paris is not Peking, and the Bibliothèque Nationale is not an inaccessible institution. To print such a statement as "it is said" that a MS. exists there is merely a confession of editorial indolence. Even the Arabic title of the "Turkish version said" to be at Paris contains an absurd blunder: "Al farady" should of course be "Al Farj," or, as the French write it, "Al Fardj." We venture to think that a gentleman who can dedicate a book to a "beautiful daughter" in elementary Persian might be expected to display a little more scholarship in his edition of a professedly Persian book. As far as appearances go, he has not even retranslated the tales, though his preface is curiously vague on this point. He refers to two English translations—King's in 1714, and Ambrose Philips' in 1738, and says that, so far as he knows, "these translations have not been reprinted." Mr. McCarthy has evidently bestowed as little of his attention on the British Museum as on the Bibliothèque Nationale; for there are copies there of the third and sixth editions of Philips' translation, and a reprint of 1783. The third edition is dated 1722, which effectually disposes of Mr. McCarthy's date, 1738, and his doubt about reprints; and had he referred to Lowndes he would have seen that the first edition goes back to 1709–1714, though we have not seen a copy. Ignoring these numerous editions, Mr. McCarthy proceeds to assert, "And yet they well deserve translating!" But whether the Thousand and One Days has been retranslated or not he doth not depose. Translations from so generally familiar a language as the French are at all times doubtful boons; but if translation we must have, let us be informed at least whose it is, and whether it be new or old. A comparison of the present edition with King's and Philips' gives the impression that Mr. McCarthy has used one of these as a basis, and interpolated emendations from the other, with possibly a reference here and there to the French original, and has then attempted to modernise the old-fashioned phraseology. The result is a mixture of Gallic smoothness, last century's polished periods, and to-day's "journalese." It is neither Petis de la Croix, nor Dr. King, nor Ambrose Philips, but a jumble of all. If less stilted, it is also less literal than the older English versions.

This is emphatically not the way to edit a well-known classic—for such the *Mille et un jours* undoubtedly is in France—and we are at a loss to imagine what induced Mr. McCarthy to perform his task in so perfunctory a manner. He is quite able to do good work when he chooses, and if he does not choose to do it well, he had far better let it alone. He has not even corrected the mistranscriptions of some of the Persian names, though that might fairly have come within the province of the editor; nor has he added a single explanatory note on the manners and customs illustrated by the tales. The stories themselves undoubtedly deserve an adequate presentation to the English reader: they have, however, been presented in an anonymous version, "edited" in no scholarly sense of the word, and published with no explanation of their origin.

POEMS AND PLAYS.

KING POPPY. By the Earl of Lytton. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Watson. London: Macmillan & Co.

FORTUNATUS THE PESSIMIST. By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co.

STEPHANIA: A TRIALOGUE. By Michael Field. London: Mathews & Lane.

"KING POPPY" was, we are told, Lord Lytton's favourite creation, the one upon which he bestowed the most persistent and loving labour. The greater care a child needs, the warmer the parental affection; poets love their weakly offspring: Byron preferred his "Imitations of Horace" to "Childe Harold." In licking "King Poppy" into shape Lord Lytton "would often devote days to the choice of a single word:" the literary idea of the poem was a vague sort of Golden Legend of the most venerable and familiar features or fragments of the fairy tales and ballads which float about the world. Alas! we recognise these studiously chosen words by their incongruity: and the fairy Golden Legend turns out to be a "Bab Ballad" in twelve books of bad blank verse with a prelude and epilogue to boot. The allegory is uninteresting, and it is quite impossible to follow it without the plentiful rubric. The meaning is good enough: it is Goethe's "take refuge in Art." A languid smile is raised by such a Gilbertian idea as the saving of the courtiers from a burning palace in order of official precedence; the wooden queen is fair but spoiled in the development—there is more force in the mere mention in "Sartor Resartus" of Jean Paul's cast-iron king; and the writing would often seem excellent if one could forget that it is verse. There are good verses, too. For example:—

> "Then stole the world's tired exile, unrebuked,
> Within the sweet heart of the Poppy's dreams."

The first line is very harmonious, and has a fine cadence. But "King Poppy" must rank among Lord Lytton's failures, with "Glenaveril" and "The Fool of Time." We may use his own words, and call it a "vainglorious vision" begotten by "the passion of the impossible." In his shorter poems wherever the personal element enters Lord Lytton is memorable; it is better to forget his epical exploits.

Mr. Watson made a mistake when he included in his recent volume "Lines to Our New Censor," a splenetic—we might say impudent—attack on a greater man than the author of "Wordsworth's Grave." "The Dream of Man," although it contains splendid things like this of death—

> "Unmaker of all, and renewer,
> *Who winnows the world with his wing*,"

is quite inadequate in its treatment of the idea of God. With these exceptions we think Mr. Watson's new book does not fall below the general level of the first: there is, however, no advance. Even in the best of the new poems—the threnody on the death of Tennyson—there are indications of haste, mixed metaphors, jingle—"sage and mage sublime"—and sometimes absolute nonsense, as in this line—

> "Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute."

Examine the meaning, starting with "little rift," and you can make nothing of it. Of course the intention is plain, although it is not in the words. But all blemishes are forgotten when we read the splendid passage in "Lachrymæ Musarum" beginning—

> "Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
> Extort her crimson secret from the rose."

It is really wonderful to be charmed again by Mr. Watson's revival of antique cadence, and his "sweet recurrence of accepted rhyme."

Mr. Alfred Austin's "Prince Fortunatus" is not drama, and perhaps not poetry, but it has a merit which makes us indifferent to much that may be faulty—it is very readable. The pastoral and georgic songs and choruses, of which there are plenty, strike us as being a thought too technical; nevertheless, we have had nothing like them in this century, nothing exhibiting such literary interest in the details of country work since the Virgilian imitation of John Philips. There are no characters in the play. Fortunatus represents the mood and method of regarding things which Mr. Austin understands by pessimism; Franklin, who preaches too much, and Urania are good fairies; Abaddon, who has a very bitter passage about dress-improvers, is a bad one. Still, it is all very readable, with much fine fancy and clever thought. It is like an opera with its songs and concerted pieces, and very distant relation to life; and is really interesting.

We have true drama in "Stephania." The distance from actuality is even greater than in "Prince Fortunatus;" but Stephania, Otho, and Sylvester II., the three persons of the play, are more than mere names. Sylvester, Romuald, and Stephania dispute the possession of Otho—the first zealous for his pupil's manhood; the second for the emperor's soul; the third for vengeance on her husband's murderer. Stephania's triumph is bought by the sacrifice of every human feeling; she is, indeed, inhuman from the beginning. As a fantastic creation she is interesting, and not without fascination; but as the spirit of the play is entirely modern we should have been better satisfied had Stephania had some glimpse of the abject failure of her apparent triumph. Besides great effort, commendable effort, there is real greatness in this play; and the blank verse is often sinewy and strong with thought and passion.

FICTION.

BERRIS. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey.

A STUDY IN TEMPTATIONS. By John Oliver Hobbes, author of "Some Emotions and a Moral." (Pseudonym Library.) London: Fisher Unwin.

RUJUB THE JUGGLER. By G. A. Henty. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

MRS. MACQUOID'S is a practical pen. She has a certain facility in depicting the ordinary scenes and characters of everyday life; nor does she betray her limitations by any unwise straining after tragic or moving effects. But in "Berris" she makes the mistake of introducing her readers to a set of personages who not only lack the charm of novelty, but in whom it is impossible to feel more than the most languid interest. The *vraisemblance* is sufficiently accurate: these people are neither repellantly good nor incredibly wicked—they are simply uninteresting types presented in uninteresting circumstances. Berris, the heroine, is a beautiful girl of the middle class, whose beauty is her sole attraction, for she has a cold heart, a narrow mind, and a violent temper. Her beauty wins the love of an excellent man, John Statham, who forthwith marries her, and is so pitiably disenchanted by the subsequent revelation of her selfish and sordid nature that the reader is inclined to congratulate him upon his speedy removal by drowning. The beautiful Berris, thus early left a widow, experiences some slight remorse for her conduct to the departed John; but her feelings evaporate in time to permit of her second marriage within a very few months. In this second attempt she flies at higher game. No mere lawyer, but a wealthy baronet is now the object of her vulgar ambition. As Lady Horsham the mercenary Berris finds ample punishment for her loveless scheming; and the reader wearily lays down this dull record of a commonplace character, upon which two volumes of fluent prattle and pointless incident have been expended.

Affectation is, we are sorry to say, the keynote of "A Study in Temptations." Alike in style and in sentiment, it is affected beyond most works of

fiction. The author aims at being modern—modern in the end-of-the-century sense—and everything is sacrificed to attain this end; but, when we have said this, and have dropped a word of wonder at the grotesquely melodramatic machinery of the "plot," if such it can be called, of "A Study in Temptations," we have reached the end of our fault-finding. The book in itself is brilliantly clever, every page sparkling with an epigram that either tickles the reader's sense of humour or sets him thinking. The author knows her world, has studied the men and women in it minutely, and has a delightful trick of making them reveal their characters in a few chance words. The smartness of the talk may at times, indeed, be a little wearying to humble people like reviewers, not accustomed to the constant society of the wits of the age. But even the reviewer must confess himself dazzled, and, as for the majority of *fin-de-siècle* men and women, they will merely discover in these bright pages the echo and reflection of their own stupendous thoughts. Quotation, rather than criticism, is needed to do justice to the style of John Oliver Hobbes; and, happily, it is possible to quote and come again in "A Study in Temptations." Here, for example, is a description of one of the minor characters:—

"Miss Bellarmine was not a maiden lady of that pathetic type who pour out tea and who have once loved. She was tall and of commanding appearance; her figure was considered purely Greek. (Perhaps this was because she had the good taste to drape it with Parisian millinery of modern date.) She had really beautiful features if one examined them separately; but, as a whole, they appeared out of drawing, as though they had been picked off various antique divinities, and stuck on her face at random. Thus, her nose began too soon, and her mouth ended too late; whilst her eyes, charming in colour and shape, were so placed that they offered one a constant temptation to shift them either higher or lower. Her expression was neutral, for her character, like that of many Englishwomen, slumbered behind her countenance like a dog in its kennel, to come out growling or amiable as circumstances might demand. She was highly accomplished, and spoke five languages with one well-bred accent. Theology was her recreation, but Villon the serious study of her life."

It is, however, in her description of the heroine, Sophia Jenyns, the famous actress, that our author excels herself. Miss Jenyns is desperately in love with her benefactor, Tom Wrath, the painter, and she has so far allowed her passion to get the better of her modern sentiment that she has secretly married him. This is a false step, which she regrets as bitterly as in the olden days maidens were wont to regret a *faux-pas* of the opposite description. Marriage, in her eyes, ought to be the grave of love, and she is distressed to find that in her own case this is not so. Yet she has the consolation of feeling that the world is ignorant of her error, and that she can, in consequence, flirt with the freedom of a virgin. Here is a scene between herself and the man she loves, despite the matrimonial bond which ties them together.

"Tom," she said, "I've been reconsidering what you said this morning about making our marriage public. I know myself so well that I am sure I could never love you again if you did. There is not a correct bone in my body: it would kill me to be called Mrs. Wrath—simply kill me. I adore you, and worship you, and idolise you, although you *are* my husband. That I cannot help; but to let other people know it—oh, intolerable! I will *not* be a British matron. I will *not* be called virtuous. It is no one's business whether I am married or not—a lot of fussy, prying, evil-minded old women—let them talk! . . . I never flirted with you in my life: I half tried it once by pretending to love you. But I found it too easy to pretend—hence our hideous, inartistic marriage certificate! Never refer to it if you have any regard for my self-respect. . . . How handsome you are! If you were not my husband I would elope with you to-morrow. What a mercy I met you before I saw anyone else! If I had met you too late—oh, if I had met you too late——" She paused. "I am afraid I wouldn't have called it too late."

It is the misfortune of this interesting young lady to become unreasonably jealous of her husband-lover, at the very moment, too, when she has involved herself most deeply in a flirtation with the hero of the story—a sentimental young gentleman, who, believing her to be unmarried, has asked her to become his wife. Here comes the temptation which we are asked to study through the vivacious medium of our author's imagination. We shall not make the story known, and so deprive our readers of the pleasure of learning it for themselves from a narrative no page of which is dull, though not one is wholly satisfying. The dissection of butterflies is doubtless a pleasing amusement; but there are, after all, nobler things to be done in the world by those who have the gifts unquestionably possessed by John Oliver Hobbes.

Mr. Henty shares with Mr. Manville Fenn the proud distinction of being the most popular writer of stories for boys now living. One cannot but regret that he did not give us the story of "Rujub the Juggler" as a boy's book instead of in the conventional three volumes; for it is only when we come to that part of the tale which deals with the Indian Mutiny and the massacre at Cawnpore that the reader becomes interested. The first volume, with its society gossip, is wearisome to a degree; but when once the fighting begins Mr. Henty is seen at his best. There is more than enough of excitement, and of the mystery and fascination which belong to hypnotism and magic as it is practised in the East. The most novel feature of the story is the fact that the hero is a coward, open and confessed. How, in spite of his physical cowardice, inherited from his dead mother, he performs wondrous deeds of valour, and eventually wins both the Victoria Cross and the heroine, may be read in Mr. Henty's pages; and those who love stirring and exciting tales of adventure might go much further without finding better fare.

AN EXEMPLARY HANDBOOK.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Charles Edward Mallet. (University Extension Manuals.) London: John Murray.

HERE is a short and elementary historical work which is admirably accurate and singularly interesting. Mr. Mallet deals with the French Revolution down to the establishment of the Directory, in something less than three hundred pages, and he puts his facts with a clearness and incisiveness which makes his book as unlike the ordinary dry-as-dust manual as it can possibly be. His introductory chapters—which bear evident and acknowledged traces of the influence of M. Taine—give an excellent sketch of the workings of the critical spirit of the Encyclopædists and Rousseau, and of the condition of France under the closing years of the *Ancien Régime*. The latter brings out, in a manner we do not remember to have seen before in a popular book, the real absence of centralisation under the centralised French monarchy, and the marked unlikenesses between different provinces. Full justice is done, too, to the working of economic conditions, both before the Revolution and throughout its course. Now and then, of course, Mr. Mallet's readers will be inclined to question the views he adopts. He is more unfavourable to Lafayette than is usual; he is, perhaps, not sufficiently sympathetic to the Girondists, and he has a little too much of the fashionable contempt for general formulas and abstract principles in politics. But on the whole he is thoroughly impartial, and he seizes the salient features of his period with a skill that many more pretentious writers wholly fail to exhibit. There is a good list of standard books and a chronological table at the end.

If we must criticise in detail we should take exception to Mr. Mallet's account of the *Contrat Social*. Rousseau did not mean—and his language proves it—to allege that mankind had ever made a social contract. He sees that man, "born free, is everywhere in bondage," and he sketches the only legitimate form of bondage, the Social Contract. Nor did Rousseau hold that every member of a State was a party to the Contract. Apart from the singular fact that he absolutely ignores the female sex in his political philosophy, he indicates that if the social contract is violated men can start afresh—having presumably outlawed the violator. And he certainly did not "develop a theory of society out of his ardent and imaginative brain," except so far as that brain worked up ideas which were the common matter of legal speculation in France, and were distilled from the *débris* of Roman law. More, too, might have been made of the influence of the theory in the Revolution and the Terror. And we do not think most of Mr. Mallet's readers will understand what an "active citizen" is—it is a distinctly technical term—without any further light than is afforded by inverted commas. But these are minor matters, and we can emphatically praise this spirited, concise, and accurate sketch of the most striking period of modern history.

THE "ENGLISH CITIZEN" SERIES.

JUSTICE AND POLICE. By F. W. Maitland. (English Citizen Series.) London: Macmillan & Co.

IN noticing Mr. Traill's handbook on "Central Government," the opening volume of this series, we had to complain that, though the re-issue was announced to be "thoroughly revised," the book contained little evidence of such revision. No attempt at all seems to have been made to revise Mr. Maitland's book. The book as it was first published was, unlike Mr. Traill's, a very good book, but it is hardly fair to re-issue it without, even by way of corrigenda, any notice of the changes in the law during the past seven years. The County Courts Act of 1888 is not noticed, nor is the important increase of county court business under the Companies (Winding-up) Act. The Local Government Act goes quite unrecognised, and we read at page 85 that quarter sessions is a "governmental assembly for the whole county," and the constabulary are said at page 111 to be controlled by the justices in Quarter Sessions—not the joint committee.

FOR THE YOUNG IDEA.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS. By Sir R. Payne-Gallwey, Bart. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS volume contains the second series of Sir R. Payne-Gallwey's "Letters," and it deals in a practical and scientific manner with the subjects of pheasant-rearing, and shooting; the preservation and shooting of partridges, grouse, ground game, wood pigeons; and the breaking-in of dogs. Although, as its title indicates, it is more especially intended for the inexperienced sportsman, yet the book contains much that may be read with profit by "Old Shots" and gamekeepers.

The old-fashioned sportsman will probably not agree with all the opinions held by the author, but we think he makes out a fair case in defence of modern methods of sport.

The book has numerous illustrations drawn by the author. Those showing how coverts are to be driven, and the "guns" placed under different circumstances, cannot fail to be of great assistance to the young sportsman who wishes to be able to take command himself, rather than leave it in the hands of his gamekeeper; and by careful attention to the instructions given under the different sections he ought to gain a good practical knowledge of the "art" of game preserving and shooting. Special attention should be given to the advice upon "shooting," as this will do much to make him a "safe" shot instead of being a terror to his fellow-sportsmen and thus losing many invitations to join a shooting party.

In his remarks upon the charge of the over-preservation of game, the author somewhat contradicts himself. On page 15 he says:—"When we hear of an unusual number of game being killed, it is nearly always the case that such bags are made on land especially adapted for game to exist on, rather than for fattening *stock* or growing *corn*;" yet on page 138, he speaks of the hopelessness of trying to preserve pheasants in a grass country, and the desirability of the sporting estate being chiefly tillage, and especially of the woods being surrounded by corn fields.

In the section upon partridge shooting we are told (page 257) "not to allow the tenant farmers to plough within two yards of a hedge on either side; you then have strips of high, coarse grass along the fences for the birds to nest in." In our opinion no better means could have been suggested for the propagation of weeds, blights, and insect pests injurious to farm crops.

Though exception may be taken to some of the advice given, we feel no hesitation in recommending the book to the notice both of the young sportsman and the young gamekeeper.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE is some satisfaction in learning that in sanitary and other matters which concern the "Public Health" England is far in advance of the rest of Europe; at the same time, on many points of detail it is possible for social reformers in this country to gather useful hints from the practice of Continental nations, and, in any case, it would be absurd to suppose for a moment that there is no room for improvement amongst ourselves. The measures which are taken in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Sweden to safeguard the health of the community are described and compared in this singularly clear and authoritative work by Dr. Albert Palmberg and Dr. Arthur Newsholme. For the main part of the book Dr. Palmberg is alone responsible, but the chapters which relate to England have been carefully revised and brought up to date by Dr. Newsholme, who is also responsible for the translation of the work—a task which he has accomplished with painstaking care and conspicuous success. Dr. Palmberg has in every case investigated personally on the spot the sanitary methods which are described in these pages, and, as far as possible, the statistics which he gives have been derived from official sources. It is only within the last twenty years that energetic measures have been put in operation for the prevention of disease; but during that period there has been a curious decrease in the rate of mortality from typhoid fever, and the health of the inhabitants of crowded centres has steadily improved. During the epidemic of cholera which prevailed in various parts of Europe in 1887, it was plain that the "safety of a locality was in exact proportion to the efficiency of its sanitary organisation." Scarcely any progress has been made in recent years in sanitary reform in France. "The proposals submitted to the Chambers from time to time for the establishment of a code of public hygiene have always been rejected on the pretext that the regulations proposed would be a violation of the liberty of the subject. In France individuals refuse to subordinate their private interests to the public good, while in England the public good is regarded as the surest safeguard of individual liberty." The rate of mortality in Germany is still comparatively high, though in the city of Berlin it has diminished since the new system of drainage—introduced in 1872—was adopted. The mortality in large cities is, as a rule, relatively greater than in small towns; indeed, the statistics which crowd these pages all go to prove that the greater the density of the population in a given district, the more favourable are the conditions for the growth of a high rate of mortality. The book is fully illustrated with drawings and diagrams, and we commend it to all who are interested in subjects of social welfare as an admirable summary of the most approved methods of sanitary legislation and administration at home and abroad.

Great wits, we all know, often jump to the same conclusions, and even publishers, in the race to reach the world with their wares, occasionally tread on each other's heels. It would be a superfluous task to prove the former statement, but perhaps we may be allowed to substantiate by a passing instance the latter assertion. Only a week or two ago we noticed in this column the appearance of a cheap edition of Mr. Nelson Page's "Marse Chan," and now another edition of the same beautiful story of slave life in the old Virginian days has just reached us from a different quarter. The book to which we drew attention was published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and it contained not only "Marse Chan" but other less-known American tales from the same accomplished pen. Now Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have brought out the famous story in an artistic form and with exquisite full-page illustrations, so that if Mr. Nelson Page's popularity does not rapidly extend on this side of the Atlantic, he, at least, amongst American authors, will not be able to lay the blame on the apathy or lack of enterprise of English publishers. There is room for both editions, for the story is one which, in its artless pathos and vivid sympathy, appeals alike to the classes and the masses.

Dr. Candlish's well-earned reputation as a theologian will not be diminished by the little volume which he has just contributed to the series known as "Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students," for which Professor Marcus Dods and Dr. Alexander Whyte are, in an editorial sense, responsible. In this calm and closely reasoned exposition of "The Biblical Doctrine of Sin," the pith of many more pretentious and more laboured treatises will be found. Dr. Candlish writes from a conservative standpoint, but he does so with obvious candour as well as with great ability, and no attempt is made to shirk the difficulties inseparable from such a problem. There is truth in the assertion that many representations of Calvinism are mere caricatures, and Dr. Candlish does well to protest against the distortion of a great and philosophic system of religious thought. The question with which these pages deal turns in reality on the vital reunion of religion and morality, for it is only when the latter is not merely regarded as an ideal, or end, but as the command of Deity, that the "Biblical Doctrine of Sin" comes clearly into view. With adequate scholarship and conspicuous moral insight and vigour, the problem of evil is discussed in this suggestive volume.

We are glad to think that manual training, on sound and approved principles, is everywhere advancing amongst the young, and a growing demand for exact knowledge in this direction is rapidly creating a supply of admirable text-books of a practical kind. Mr. William Nelson—superintendent of manual instruction to the Manchester School Board—has just brought out

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*A TREATISE ON PUBLIC HEALTH. By Albert Palmberg, M.D. Translated from the French by Arthur Newsholme, Medical Officer of Health for Brighton. Illustrated. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. Royal 8vo.

MARSE CHAN: A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIA. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Demy 8vo.

THE BIBLICAL DOCTRINE OF SIN. By James S. Candlish, D.D. Handbooks for Bible Classes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

WOODWORK COURSE FOR BOYS. By William Nelson. Working Drawings. London and Liverpool: George Philip and Son. Imperial 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

AN ACCOUNT OF BRITISH FLIES. By Fred. V. Theobald, B.A., F.E.S. Illustrated. Volume I. London: Elliot Stock. Demy 8vo.

VOLUNTEERING IN INDIA: OR AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF MILITARY SERVICES DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY AND SEPOY WAR. By John Tulloch Nash, F.S.A. London: George Philip and Son. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE EARTH'S HISTORY: AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN GEOLOGY. By R. D. Roberts, M.A., D.Sc. Illustrated. University Extension Manuals. London: John Murray. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

THE LAND LAWS. By Frederick Pollock. English Citizen Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d. (Second Edition.)

a capital series of lessons in "Woodwork for Boys." The book contains full working drawings of wedges, clothes-racks, knife boxes, flower stands, and the like, with practical directions for making each model. The lessons are carefully graduated so as to cover the requirements of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the general principles followed are those of Herr Otto Solomon of "Sloyd" renown.

Although "British Flies" receive a good deal of attention from indignant housekeepers in the sultry days of summer, it appears that their claims have been somewhat overlooked in literature. There is, it is true, a book known to the learned entitled "Insecta Britannica Diptera," but it was written half a century ago and is now out of print, and since then the ubiquitous fly has been dismissed with contempt by literary entomologists in search of a subject. Now, however, Mr. F. V. Theobald, F.E.S., has arisen to make the world acquainted in scientific phrase and fashion with the characteristics of "this much neglected order of insects." The book is hardly likely to cause what is known as a "rush at Mudie's," for we fear such a record of minute observation is caviare to the general. Yet these chapters are painstaking and exact, and deal with almost every species of flies indigenous to the British Isles. Mr. Theobald is much too sensible a man to imagine that there are no discrepancies in his monograph; indeed, he frankly hints that nothing will please him better than the vigorous criticism of other entomologists. The illustrations, which are numerous, are in strict keeping with the scientific nature of the text.

"Volunteering in India" is the modest title of a little book which gives a graphic description of the services and exploits of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry during the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Nash—the son of a well-known and distinguished general of the same name—served with a pioneer corps which, he declares, is entitled to claim the proud distinction of having originated the modern volunteer movement throughout the British Empire. During the Mutiny the Bengal Cavalry Volunteers took part in no less than fourteen actions, besides long marches and harassing patrol and picket duties, and when at length the campaign was ended they received the special thanks of the Governor-General for the gallant services which they had rendered to the State. The present record consists of extracts from a journal which Mr. Nash kept during the campaign, and though his narrative is hardly of wide significance, it deserves attention, to borrow his own words, as "another footnote to the annals of the Indian Mutiny."

The aim of the latest volume in Professor Knight's University Extension Series is to show that geology is not a mere description of rocks and fossils, but an account of "The Earth's History." At the outset Dr. Roberts states that the geology of Great Britain is an epitome of the geology of the globe, and his purpose is to furnish an outline of the methods and progress of the science, as well as to encourage young students to avail themselves of the opportunity—which everywhere presents itself—for personal research. The book opens with a chapter on the progress of geological thought, and in it we are reminded that a century and a half ago geology as a science can scarcely be said to have existed. Indeed, it was not until Dr. Hutton published the "Theory of the Earth" in 1792 that a broad philosophic view of the testimony of the rocks began to prevail. The later chapters of the book discuss problems connected with the distribution of land and water on the earth's surface, the light which is thrown by controversy on the earliest history of the planet, movements and depressions of the earth's crust, classification of the stratified rocks, volcanic action in past times, and the physical evolution of the British Isles. The book contains a number of coloured maps and diagrams, but though its scientific merit is considerable we are unable to add that it is written with literary skill, much less attractiveness.

Sir Frederick Pollock's manual of the "Land Laws" is a useful addition to the "English Citizen Series," and we are not surprised to hear that it has reached a second edition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS. The Cattle Trade and Farmers' Accounts. By Westley Richards. (E. Stanford.)

DR. PAULL'S THEORY. A Romance. By Mrs. A. M. Diehl. (Arrowsmith.)

LIFE'S TAPESTRY. A Novel. By Caradoc Granhim. Three vols. (Ward & Downey.)

THAT HATED SAXON. A Novel. By the Lady Greville. (Ward & Downey.)

HOW TO BUY A HORSE. By Pelagius. (Chapman & Hall.)

BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT PERSONS. Reprinted from the *Times*. Vol. III. 1882-1886. (Macmillan.)

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Ed. Sidney Colvin. *Golden Treasury Series*. (Macmillan.)

A MERE CYPHER. A Novel. By Mary A. Dickens. Three vols. Formerly published under the title "A Modern Judith." (Macmillan.)

FOREIGN RELATIONS. By Spencer Walpole. *The English Citizen*. A new Edition. (Macmillan.)

THE WORKS OF HEINRICH HEINE. Translated by C. G. Leland. Vols. VII., VIII. FRENCH AFFAIRS. Letters from Paris. Vol. I. 1832. Vol. II. LUTETIA. (Heinemann.)

[*Continued on page* 260.

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THE ROUMANIAN QUESTION IN TRANSYLVANIA AND IN HUNGARY. Reply of the Roumanian Students. (Jos. Theunis, Antwerp.)

THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES, The Odes of Horace. Books I., II. HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXII. Text with Translation. By R. W. Reynolds, B.A. *The Classical Translation Library.* (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE GERM-PLASM: A THEORY OF HEREDITY. By August Weismann. Translated by W. Newton Parker, Ph.D., and Harriet Rönnfeldt, B.Sc. *The Contemporary Science Series.* (Walter Scott.)

THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON. By William Makepeace Thackeray. *The Scott Library.* (Walter Scott.)

THE BLACK DWARF, AND A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh Edition. Vol. V. (A. & C. Black.)

HOMER AND THE EPIC. By Andrew Lang, M.A., Hon. LL.D. St. Andrews. (Longmans.)

BIMETALLISM AND MONOMETALLISM. By the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. (Brown & Nolan, Dublin.)

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